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Honeymoon!*

Ann Blyth



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# SCREENLAND

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Production Manager

KAY BRUNELL  
Fashion Editor

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ON THE COVER, ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN THE  
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, "KATIE"

★  
DECEMBER, 1950

★  
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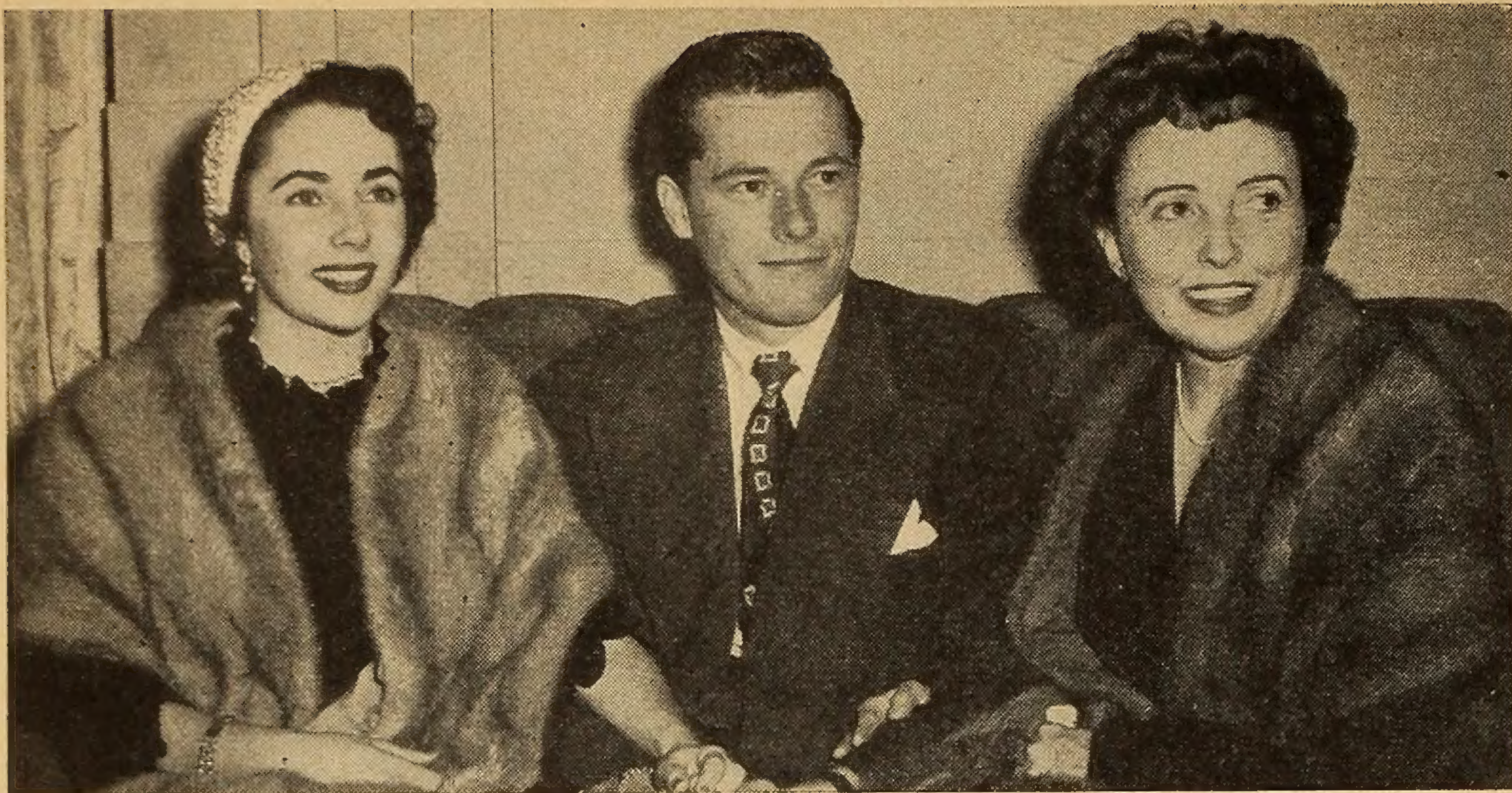
co-starring

**LOUIS CALHERN • ANN HARDING**

Screen Play by JOHN LARKIN and DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Story by JOHN LARKIN  
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





Elizabeth Taylor, Nicky Hilton, Mrs. Taylor look happy despite dire predictions of columnists the Hiltons have constantly had to contend with since their marriage.



A fan gets a closeup of Lana Turner as she arrives at the Beverly Hills Hotel.



The Jimmy Stewarts, England-bound on Queen Elizabeth, after he finished "Harvey" job.

# What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

**By Lynn Bowers**

**I**N CASE you're counting on seeing Olivia de Havilland in the movies during the next year or three—don't. She's signed a run-of-the-play contract with Broadway producer Dwight Deere Wiman for "Romeo And Juliet," written by a practically unknown author named W. Shakespeare. The twin-Oscar winner is moving her family and dogs to New York and digging in for a long stay. We can imagine that some of the Academy Award hopefuls are breathing sighs of relief—with Olivia out of competition, another actress is bound to win.

\* \* \*

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh have completely recaptured this town of Hollywood in their return to American film-making. And if it weren't for their rugged picture schedules they'd be up to their titled necks in social invitations. Many a local personality is hanging his head in shame because of not being invited to the party to end all parties which the Danny Kayes tossed for the couple. The Oliviers insisted that their friends forget about their British titles during the Hollywood stay. Vivien is starring in "Streetcar Named Desire" at Warners and Larry is making "Carrie"

(formerly "Sister Carrie") for Paramount.

\* \* \*

That individualist Marlon Brando, also in "Streetcar," claims he's retiring from stage and screen for a whole year in order to study diction at Director Elia Kazan's New York drama school. Wants to get the mush out of his mouth. We'll see.

\* \* \*

Anne Baxter moved her miniature poodle, Shoo-fly, and six baby poodles out of the dog house and hubby John Hodiak in when he returned from the MGM location of "Across The Wide Missouri." She'd labored over a red hot stove baking large quantities of his favorite food, brownies, and dispatched them to Colorado. Helping him unpack she discovered the package, unopened, in his suitcase. His alibi was he thought it contained some inner-tubes Anne was supposed to send, but had forgotten. By this time the little calorie cakes were so old John used 'em for inner tubes.

\* \* \*

Gene Kelly was slightly more than dashed the day he took his seven-year-old daughter Kerry visiting at MGM. After she'd cased Gene's picture, "An

American In Paris," the two moseyed over to watch Fred Astaire rehearsing a dance number for "Royal Wedding." Kerry piped up in her best pear-shaped tones and asked her Pop if he'd taught Astaire to dance. They made a hasty exit

Distinguished-looking Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper at Mocambo. His next is "Dallas."







Yes Sir!  
Wednesday was **WILD!**  
Wednesday was **RUGGED!**

THE WILDEST WACKIEST  
MOST HILARIOUS AND  
COMPLETELY BOLLIXED-  
UP DAY YOU EVER  
HEARD OF!



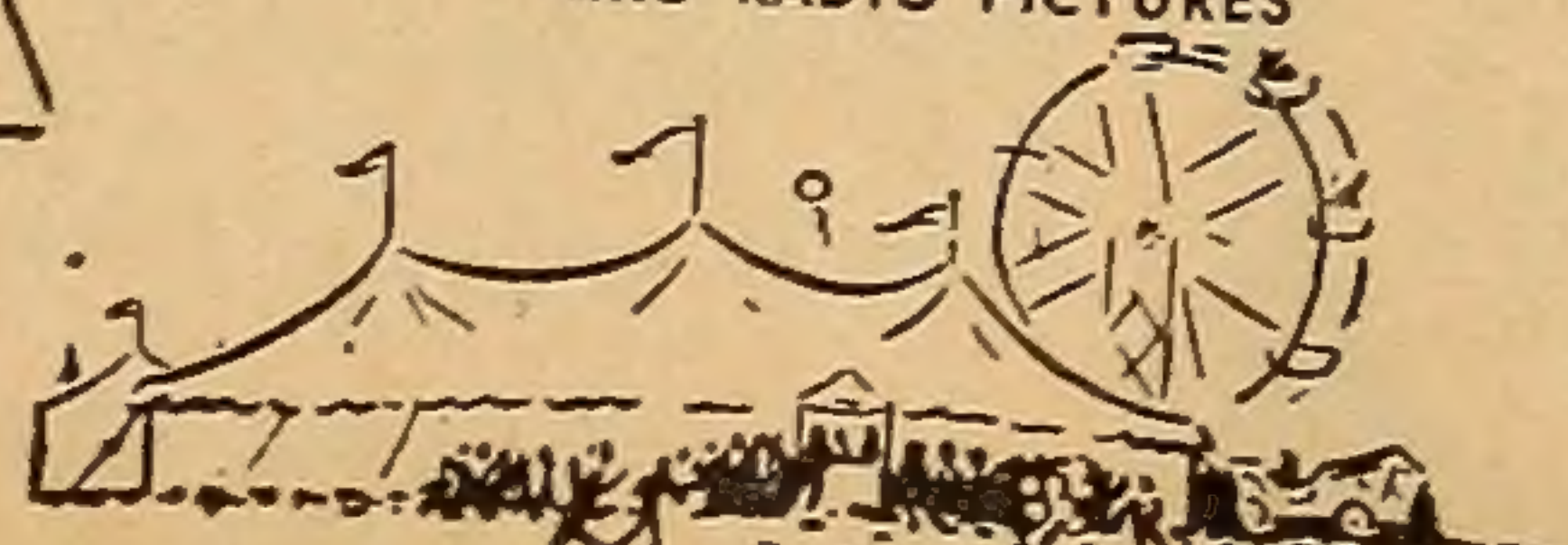
Diddlebock woke up on  
Thursday and found that  
he owned a CIRCUS,  
a HANSOM CAB,  
a GIRL and a...  
HANGOVER...

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Jane Wyman, Armand Deutsch, Audrey Totter before Beverly Hills Hotel dinner party.

Evie Johnson often gets taken to dance at Mocambo by erstwhile dancer husband, Van.

from the sound stage.

\* \* \*

Jeanne Crain finally solved the mystery of her disappearing jewels and dressing-table articles. Her three-year-old Paul, fascinated with his new brother Timothy, had been helping himself to Jeanne's loot for presents to the infant. Paul's welcoming speech to Jeanne and Timothy on their arrival home from the hospital was "Oh! Brother, another brother." Jeanne's other son, Michael, and Paul have learned to count up to ten, using Timothy's toes for their arithmetic. Between motherhood and

An evening at the Stork Club is enhanced for Brian Donlevy by pretty Marla Stevens.



a hot item on any cafe's menu. Jane Wyman and Greg Bautzer are making a lot of people wonder whatever happened to the Bautzer-Ginger Rogers romance. Guess it'll be April wedding bells for Doris Day and Marty Melcher. That's when his divorce from Patti Andrews is final. The announcement of the Maggie Whiting-Lou Busch secret marriage didn't surprise their close friends. Their stork item did, though. Pretty Phyllis Kirk

Peggy Dow, in the East for "Lights Out," with Tulsa Walt Helmerich III at Stork.



movies Jeanne is a busy gal. While a nurse took care of her three little boys she was making "Take Care Of My Little Girl" and next on her schedule is "House On Washington Square."

\* \* \*

The color of the sweater Jane Russell wears in RKO's "Macao," in case anyone will notice, is white. Michael Woulfe has also whipped up a little number in gold mesh for Jane which fits like a second skin. This latter is for a torchy song Miss R. will do in the pic.

\* \* \*

The romance of Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, when last heard from, was





...when  
the  
mug  
of a  
mud-  
spattered  
**G.I.**  
was the  
prettiest  
sight in  
the world!



To  
Johnny  
she  
wasn't  
just  
another  
'over-  
there'  
girl...  
she was  
the real,  
real thing!

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THE BATTLIN' BOZOS OF COMPANY 'B'-FOR-BRUISER!

# BREAKTHROUGH

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**FRANK LOVEJOY**



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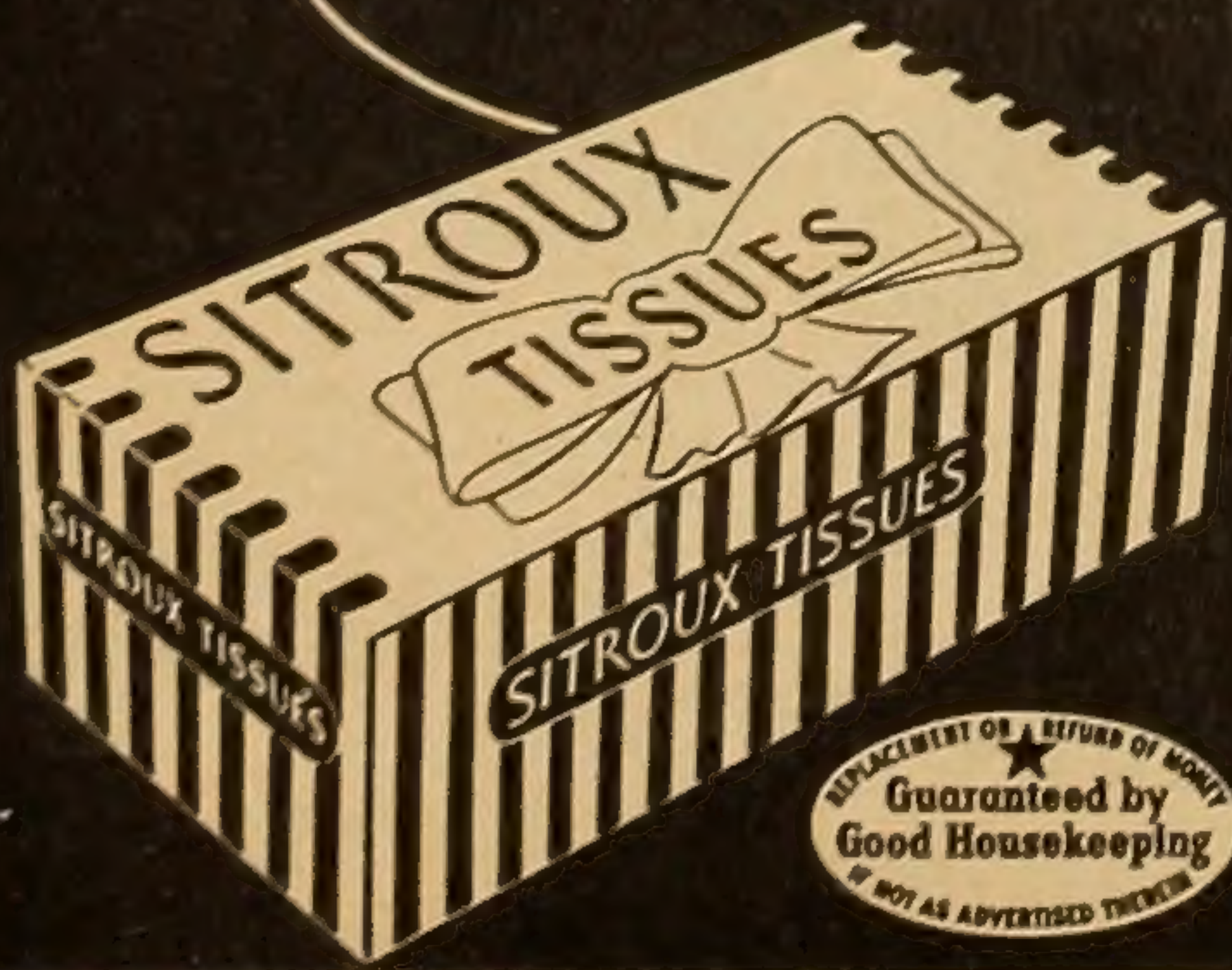
## SITROUX ...say SIT-TRUE TISSUES

softer,

finer,

stronger

than ever



Robert Montgomery gets his stars, lovely Jane Wyatt and Lee Bowman, ready for their appearance in comedy, "The Awful Truth," which they did on "Robert Montgomery Presents" over NBC Television.

When Shirley Temple went to New York to talk over going into Jean Arthur's part in "Peter Pan," she was given a gay whirl. Here she is with the socially prominent Freddie Procter, Jr., at Stork Club.

and the talented young composer-conductor-pianist, Andre Previn, had to call off their wedding plans because the Army pre-empted him. This is a tough break for them and for MGM—the guy was a mainstay in their music department.

\* \* \*

Claudette Colbert's back with the picture making again after being trussed up like a fowl for months, the result of a back injury when she tripped on the stairs. "Bonaventure" is the picture, which is a lead-pipe cinch for a title change.

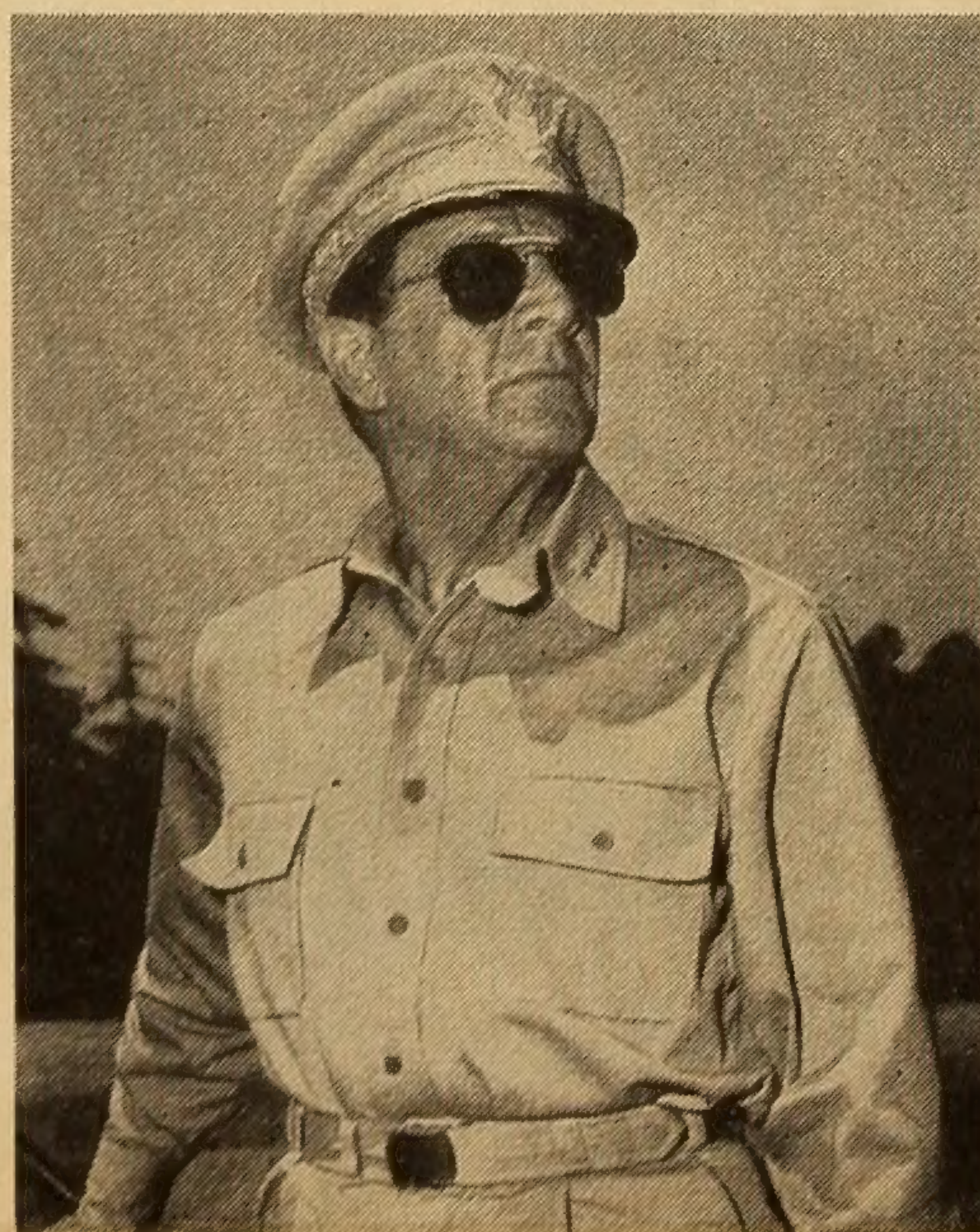
\* \* \*

The Nicky Hiltons (*that's beautiful* Liz Taylor, of course) are back in the Hollywoods from their honeymoon. Liz' picture, "Father Of The Bride," was released at the time of the kids' marriage. Now she's making one called "Father's Little Dividend." Wouldn't it be handy if Liz came through with a stork announcement about the time this one's released! Hmmm?

\* \* \*

Jimmy Stewart, who's known as the "ready-made father," left for England with his pre-fabricated family—wife Gloria, her two sons, his mother-in-law, and the kids' governess. He's making "No

"American Guerilla In The Philippines" has Robert Barrat, as General Douglas MacArthur.



Amanda Blake and Ron Randall, a romantic Manhattan pair, dining at Danny's Hideaway.

"Highway" in London for 20th with Marlene Dietrich and if our recollection is correct this is the first pic these two have done together since "Destry Rides Again."

\* \* \*

We didn't see it, but we heered it—that prospective buyers of the Peter Lindstrom-Ingrid Bergman house got a free gander at a large portion of Ingrid's wardrobe, still hanging in the cupboards.

\* \* \*

Fish Stories: Bob Cummings should get a truth award. He trekked a thousand miles up to Oregon's Rogue River country, came back and blithely admitted he caught nary one trout; in fact, didn't even get a strike. Susan Hayward,



Jess Barker and their twin sons did a little better, according to Susie, who said they caught enough to cook a trout dinner for the family and two guests which, at a minimum guess, would be six fish.

\* \* \*

Jane Powell thinks "Royal Wedding" is her lucky picture. The part was a plum, she and hubby Geary Steffan found their dream house, they bought their dream car, a yellow convertible, and Geary sold his first really big insurance policy. Jane has a new fan, who thinks she's the best singer in the world. The fan is Pietro, son of Ezio Pinza!

\* \* \*

Bunch of Hollywood actors went down to San Diego to play a benefit baseball game. In the bunch: Paul Douglas, Harry James, new cinemactor Dale Robertson, Marian Marshall, Randy Stuart, Donald O'Connor and a few more. The wry Mr. Douglas, when quizzed on the outcome of the game, allowed that he *thought* their team won. Further probing about the score got the very explicit information "Who knows?"

\* \* \*

Starlet Debbie Reynolds, 18 years old, finished up her role in MGM's "The Tender Hours" and went directly to Laguna Beach to join her Burbank Scout Troop. Debbie's studying to be a Scout counsellor.

\* \* \*

A few notes from New York heretofore unpublished: A fast and fun dinner with Mildred Natwick, who seems to have deserted Hollywood to become the television queen of New York; seeing the play, "The Live Wire," which didn't seem to have enough current to survive critical Broadway. Betty Field and her play-writing husband, Elmer Rice, were in the audience. We had a wonderful evening with some Hollywood pals—Bo Roos, Edna Skelton Borzage, Red and Georgia Skelton, John Howard—busy in television there—and cute Lina Romay, who was going great guns in Mike Todd's Broadway production of "Peep Show." Like most visiting firemen, we took in the show at the Copacabana. Ran smack into Glenda Farrell on a streetcorner and had a big fat yak with her. There's some talk of reviving her famous "Torchy Blane" series of movies, which made her so famous, for television.

\* \* \*

We were as wide-eyed as any Hollywood tourist visiting a movie set when we got backstage at "Peter Pan" and watched how they rig up Jean Arthur and the other flying members of the cast for this wonderful show. And we were thrilled and excited over seeing Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama, "The Consul," the most unusual piece of theatre to hit Broadway in years. Had a big reunion with Zack Scott, who was playing in "Blind Alley" at the Theatre Guild's Westport, Connecticut, Playhouse. Wot did we talk about? Hollywood, but of course.

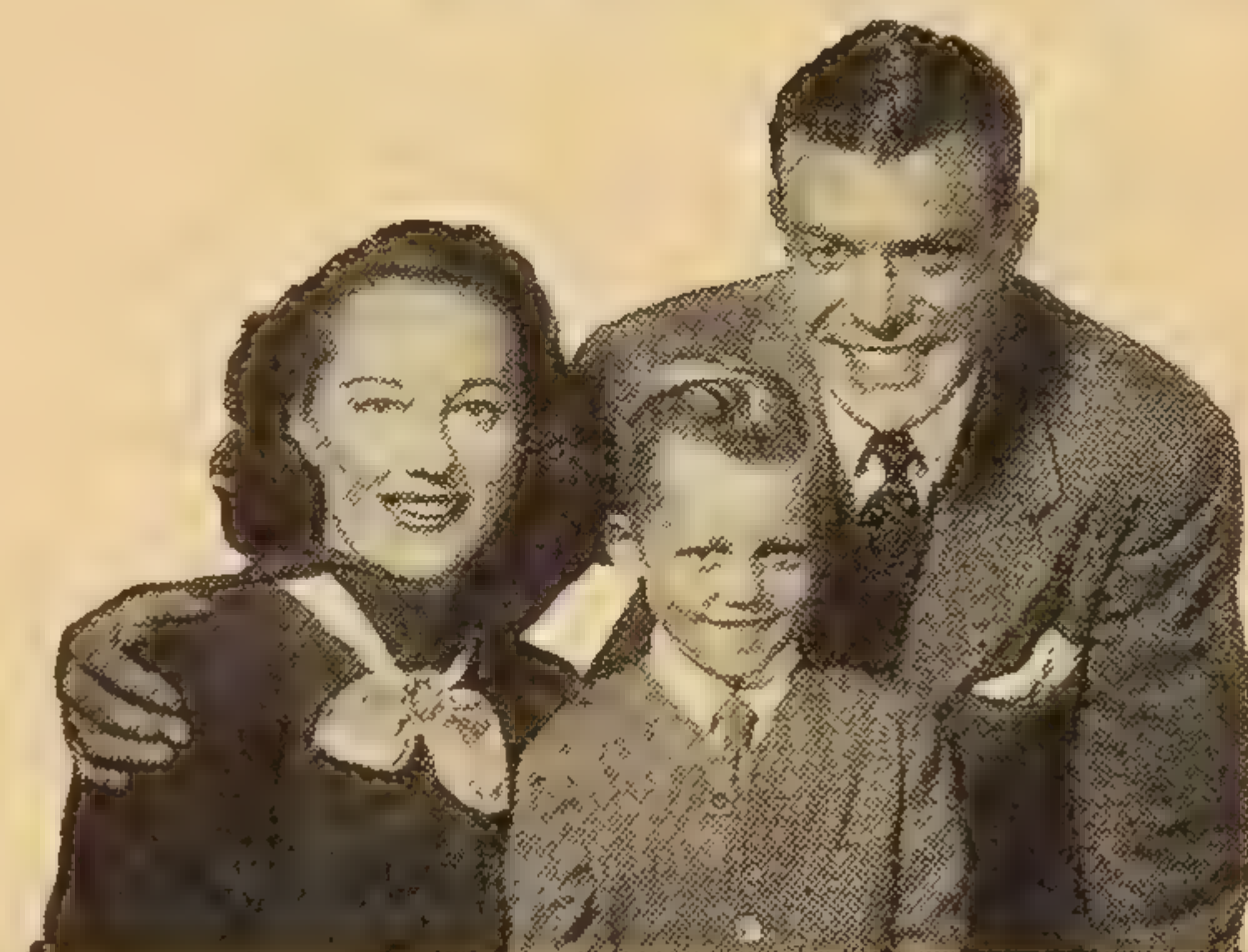
\* \* \*

Dana Andrews' life seems to be entirely wrapped up in boats. With two on his hands, he's decided that's one too many and is looking for someone else who's (Please turn to page 16)



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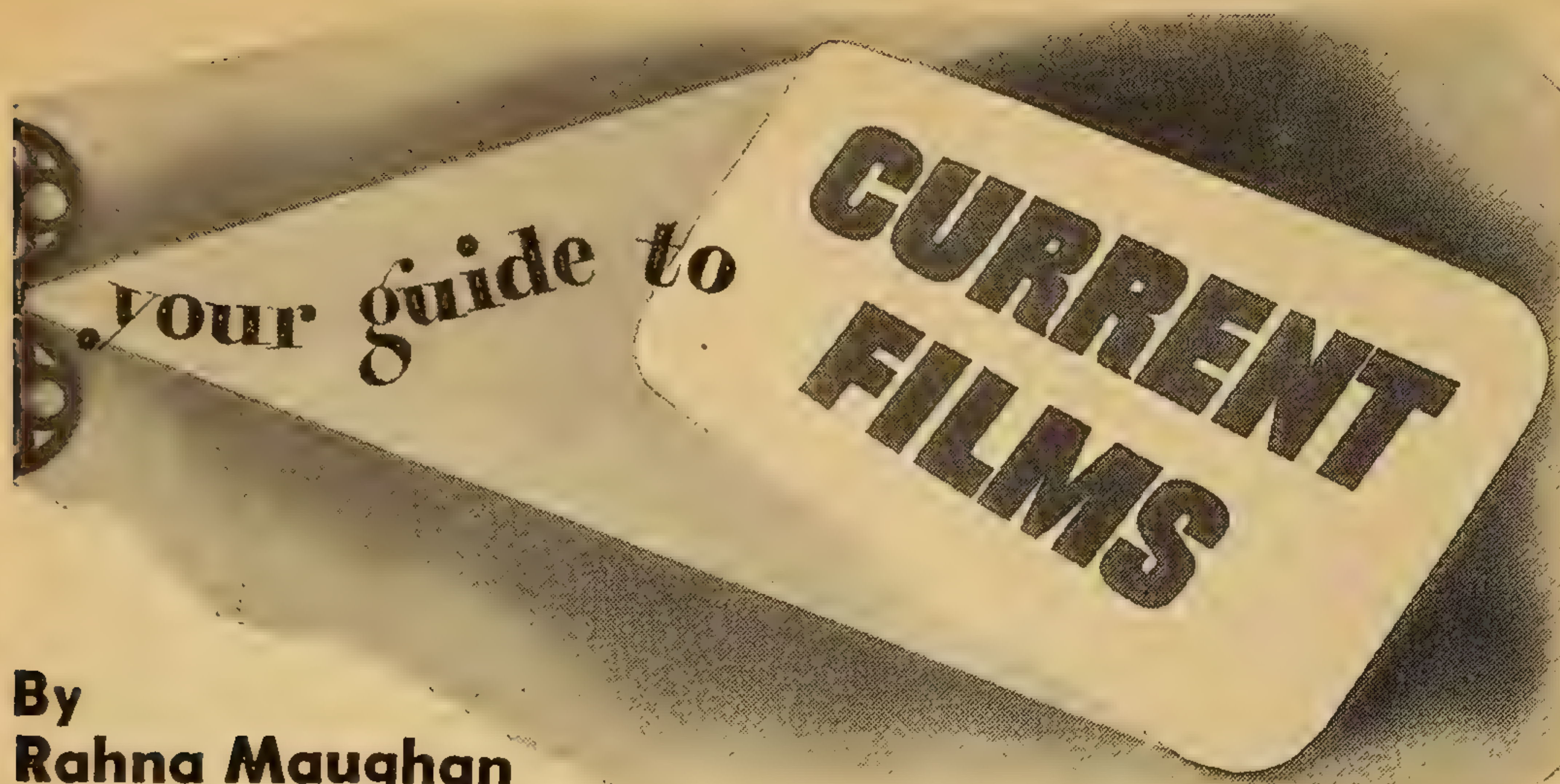


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By  
**Rahna Maughan**

### All About Eve

20th Century-Fox

**W**HICH is more the saga of that li'l ole serpent who fouled up the Garden of Eden, than about how sweet Anne Baxter climbs from a stage-struck girl to becoming the winner of the theatre's highest award. Sweet, gentle Annie is brought backstage one rainy night by Celeste Holm in order that the starry-eyed young thing might meet Broadway's leading lady, Bette Davis. Emotional, highstrung and terribly in love with the play's director, Gary Merrill, Bette is so moved by Anne's pathetic story of her life that she takes the girl under her wing. Better she should have cuddled a stray H-bomb to her maternal breast, because of the near devastation Anne wreaks: by highlighting Bette's temperamental faults, panting on Merrill's neck, almost ending Celeste's marriage to playwright Hugh Marlowe, and in general having the same effect on the people who befriended her as a double shot of hemlock. The only person able to outdo Anne is critic George Sanders. The dialogue in this masterpiece of a film about modern theatre folk is as freely racy as the story is superb, and Bette is terrific in a role that should have happened to her a long time ago.



Aging actress Bette Davis won't believe Gary Merrill still loves her in "All About Eve."

### Mister 880

20th Century-Fox

**F**BI trouble-shooter Burt Lancaster takes over one of the strangest counterfeiting investigations in the files of the U.S. Secret Service. For ten years, the Government has been after the unknown



Tyrone Power travels far, finding such wonders as Cecile Aubry, in "The Black Rose."

counterfeiter who usually prints not more than \$50 per month in one dollar bills which are printed on ordinary writing paper with the word WASHINGTON spelled WAHSINGTON. A lulu of a case and a lulu of a picture once junk dealer Edmund Gwenn appears and UN translator Dorothy McGuire starts acting like an underworld character to keep Lancaster's interests aroused. It's all wonderful fun, but gently tempered by an occasional tear over the naive Mr. Gwenn's enchanting lawlessness.

### Trio

Paramount

**T**HE long-awaited sequel to W. Somerset Maugham's "Quartet." Consisting of three separate short films, the first of these vignettes, *The Verger* is a delightful treatment of the old saying: everything happens for the best. Having served faithfully for 19 years as verger (a church attendant), James Hayter is forced to resign because it's discovered he's illiterate. The results of this rather dreadful turn of events for the elderly gentleman are even more unexpected than was his dismissal from the church.

*Mr. Knowall*, the second offering shows that he who laughs last, laughs best,

Love comes to an ill-fated pair, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie in "Sanatorium," one of the stories in English film, "Trio."



Edmund Gwenn baffles the entire FBI with some financial transactions in charming comedy, "Mr. 880," with Dorothy McGuire.





when Nigel Patrick, a boisterous, good-time-Charley, regarded as strictly lower bracket by his fellow passengers aboard ship, saves a genteel young matron from a very embarrassing marital situation.

The last of these excellent short stories takes place in a tuberculosis sanatorium and stars Jean Simmons and Michael Rennie in what is a genuinely touching gem of love conquering all.

## Farewell To Yesterday

20th Century-Fox

**T**URNING back the pages of history over the past thirty years, the cause and effect of wars are brought home in a shaking body-blow. Carefully gleaned from documentary films, you see what causes the wanton slaughter of millions of innocent people, families being torn apart and children stumbling homeless, cold and hungry around the ruins of once thriving communities. See the stark horrors of all this, and I dare you to sit back without asking: "What can I do to help America stop a Third World War?" Because, as this points out, if there is a *next time*, you might be one of the "extras" in some future film of this type.

## The Black Rose

(Technicolor)  
20th Century-Fox

**S**WASHBUCKLING adventure in a grande manner that takes place centuries ago. Tyrone Power, a young English nobleman, vows he will never serve under the French when they vanquish England in the 13th Century, and joining forces with another rebel, Jack Hawkins, the pair decide to strike out for the riches and fortunes of the mysterious Far East. En route, among sundry exciting events, they encounter Mongolian war lord Orson Welles, and find they have been rooked, but pleasantly so, into saving petite Cecile Aubry for the Kublai Khan's harem. A caravan of action and thrills which takes an ultra scenic route through the world in breathtaking Technicolor. (Please turn to next page)

Joan Crawford, with Wendell Corey in "Harriet Craig," has a destructive obsession.



# Is yours the Fortunate Hand?

Is your ring finger long? You  
take chances, gamble with  
life and love.



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Pat O'Brien believes there is latent decency in ill behaved orphan boy Mickey Rooney and does his best to guide him to a better life in "The Fireball."

Life as a door-to-door saleslady holds more adventure than Lucille Ball had expected in "The Fuller Brush Girl," a madcap comedy, with Eddie Albert.

### Mr. Music

Paramount

**I**T TAKES efficient Nancy Olson to discover the reason why composer Bing Crosby hasn't tried to write anything in the past few years. His producer, Charles Coburn, sees that a demon for work like Nancy might possibly turn on the Crosby faucet marked *genius*. After she tells Crosby that he hasn't written anything new due to a fear of not being able to repeat his former success, the Crosby mental block is eradicated. Work commences, songs are written and a one-sided romance takes form. Ruth Hussey and Robert Stack also toss in a few romantic operations. So all in all, there's enough material to afford amusement, even if the music is disappointingly below par.



### The Toast Of New Orleans

(Technicolor)  
MGM

**S**OMEONE like Mario Lanza can't remain a simple fisherman—not with a voice like that. Music impresario David Niven is the first to discover the hidden magnificence of the Lanza voice as he and opera star Kathryn Grayson visit a small bayou fishing town. More interested in fishing than he is in music, Lanza decides to go along with Niven just so he can be around Kathryn. Uncouth, uninhibited and rough, Lanza's education begins, and Kathryn learns the sort of stuff that isn't in any etiquette manual.



Ann Sheridan tries to find her husband, Ross Elliot, who goes into hiding after witnessing a violent murder in the blood-chilling film, "Woman On The Run."



The wiles of Joan Fontaine cause havoc among the men in "Born To Be Bad," but Robert Ryan is a tougher proposition than any she has previously tackled.





Howard Duff mistakenly thinks Ann Vernon will do anything for him in "Shakedown."

Pattering along at Lanza's heels is Uncle J. Carol Naish, who just wants to go back to the bayou and shrimp creole. A constant barrage of cadenzas, arias and duets, nothing is spared in this traditional musical extravaganza.

### Born To Be Bad

RKO

**I**F MEN have any sense, they had just better watch out for these goody-goody, saccharine wenches. Honey bun Joan Fontaine pussyfoots into Joan Leslie's happy life, and snatches away her millionaire fiance Zachary Scott, and for laughs, toys with Robert Ryan and Mel Ferrer. Quite a nifty assortment of men, any girl would admit—settling for one—but Miss Fontaine marries Zack, then decides she wants all three, for various reasons, and virile Robert in particular. What a woman! What a gay whirl! And what scandal sheet material!

### State Secret

Columbia

**D**UPED into coming to a small European country ruled by a dictator, American doctor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., doesn't realize that the operation he's been asked to demonstrate is to be per-

(Please turn to page 68)

In "Between Midnight And Dawn" Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien are two policemen pals.



**Smooth, clear skin**—That's one of the first things people notice about Connie McDiarmid. "Noxzema is wonderful for my sensitive skin," she says. "It helps control dryness, protect my skin. I use it several times daily."

# NEW HOME FACIAL

**Look lovelier in 10 days with this Quick Beauty Routine—or your money back!**

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With one cream you can cleanse... help protect... and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

### Here's all you do:

**1. Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly.

After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin—all day!

**2. Evening**—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt and grime—without rubbing!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over blemishes.\* While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer, smoother. It's greaseless! No "smeary" face or pillow!

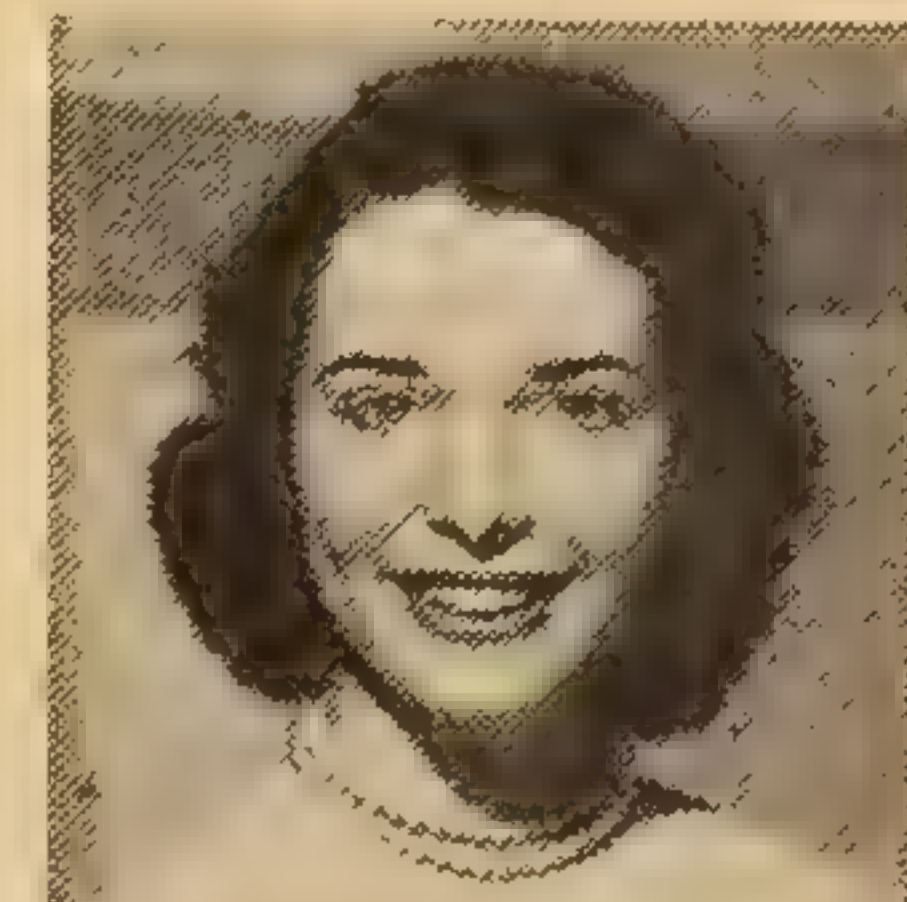
A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-look-

ing skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

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"Soft, smooth and glowing" describes the complexion of Toby Robins, Toronto actress. "I count on Noxzema to help keep it that way. It makes my skin feel so fresh and smooth," she says.

\*externally-caused.



### MONEY SAVING OFFER

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Limited offer—stock up now!



crazy over the things so he can unload. In "The Gaunt Woman," Dana spends most of his time aboard a fishing vessel, which makes him deliriously happy. Well, so some people get their kicks from breaking legs on a ski run.

\* \* \*

Talk is that Columbia execs are so thrilled with Judy Holliday's performance in "Born Yesterday" that they're trying to talk playwright Garson Kanin into dreaming up a sequel.

\* \* \*

It's nice to hear that stage actress Judith Evelyn has a good, fat part in 20th's "The Scarlet Pen" which they are shooting in Canada. There's a gal who can really act.

\* \* \*

We gave you the news some time back that Richard Conte's wife, Ruth, had planned to return to the stage after a seven-year period of being just not-so-plain Mrs. Conte. Lots of actresses say they're going to do it, but somehow don't get around to it. Ruth got rave reviews at Hollywood's Circle Theatre in "What Every Woman Knows." Next stop—probably movies for her.

\* \* \*

Van Johnson's already making preparations for his daughter Schuyler's 18th birthday, although the tot has quite a span to go before that event. He's collecting a series of small New England scenes, binding them in books, and filing them away. The artist—Van Johnson.

\* \* \*

June Haver, much improved in the health department, was all excited over her Westwood apartment house opening. June helped decorate the place so it's a very personal project. She also hopes to go to Rome before this year is over if 20th doesn't put her in a picture.

\* \* \*

Bob Ryan's two young sons gave him quite a bit of trouble while he was making "Best Of The Badmen" at RKO. Seems when he came home at night they gave him the rush act, wanting to play



Irene Vernon, a blonde beauty you will be seeing in the dramatic "The Sound Of Fury."

bad man with him. Bob's proud of his little woman, Jessica. She's just finished her first serious novel, called "Crying At The Lock." Her other literary efforts have been mysteries.

\* \* \*

King Clark Gable, complete with bushy beard, went window shopping in Dur-

ango, Colorado, between scenes of "Across The Wide Missouri" and was approached by a Sioux Indian, who tipped Mr. G. that he could get a job in that self-same picture if he looked sharp about it. The next day the Indian looked very pleased when he spotted Gable, hard at work in the film.

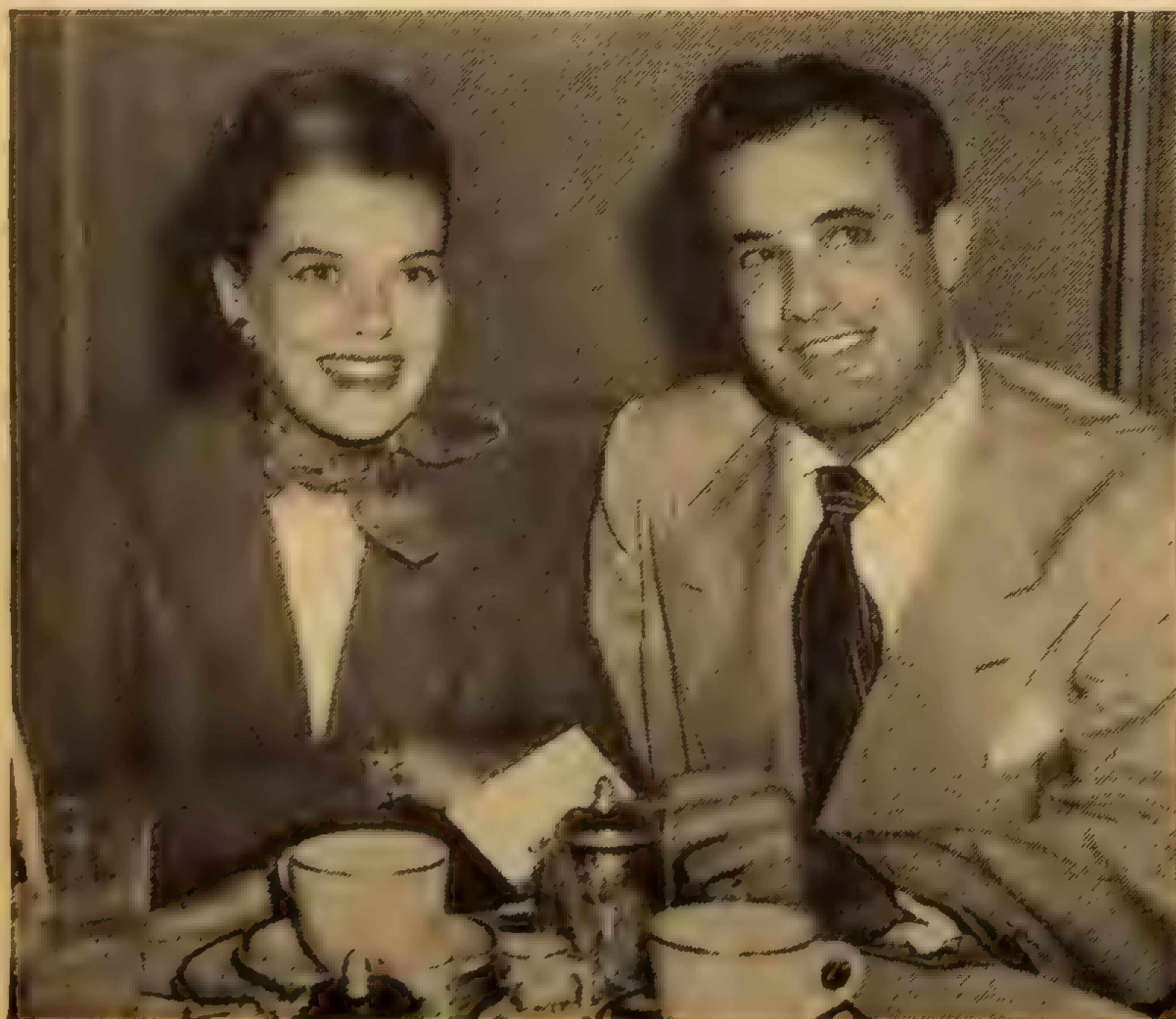
\* \* \*

When Barbara Hale laid plans for the birthday party of her three-year-old daughter Jody, she reckoned without the young 'un. Barbara planned to have six kids at the shindig, wound up with 24 moppets



Richard Widmark with three dimensional camera on location for "The Halls Of Montezuma."

At the Waldorf-Astoria, Janis Paige dining with Dick Contino. She visited N. Y. this Fall, charmed its most sophisticated citizens.



The happily married Walter Wangers (Joan Bennett) made one of their rare nightclub appearances when they visited the Mocambo recently.





AND their mothers. The joint was really jumpin'.

\* \* \*

It's a whole new career for Connie Moore, one of the prettiest gals in town, since her smackeroo opening at the Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel. There's been a professional lull in Connie's life, but the gal showed she has what it takes to click but solid. Hollywoodites who turned out for the gala affair—Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Joan Fontaine with Collier Young, the Cary Grants, Gary Cooper, and loads of



Linda Darnell and daughter Lola moved into a new house after she did "Two Flags West."

others who all cheered and hollered like mad.

\* \* \*

Betty Grable and Harry James stirred up quite a storm when they visited Dan Dailey's night club, tagged "Curtain Call." Trumpet-tooting Mr. James took over on the drums for a hot jam session and when word got around that they were there people flocked in—to hear him and get a gander at Miss G. The Daileys separated again, you know. Maybe just another flurry, we hope, although this one sounded pretty definite.

\* \* \*

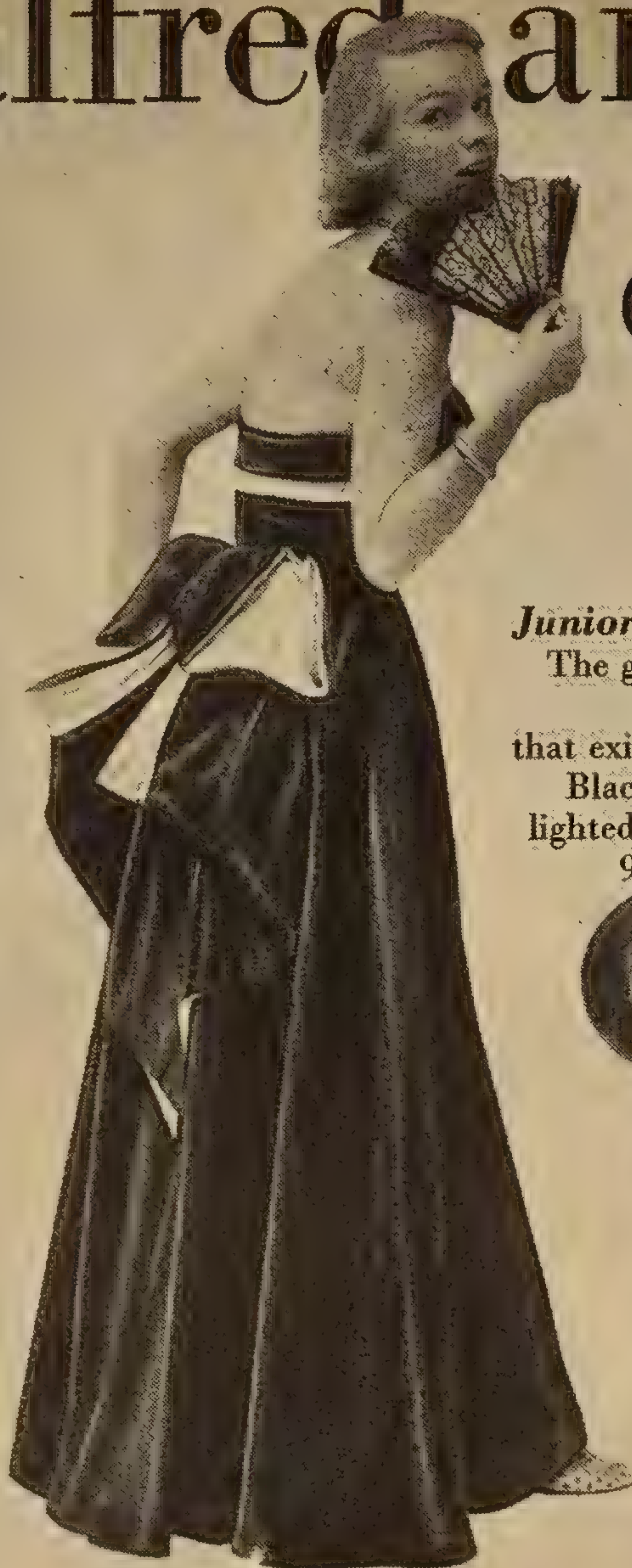
From Rome: Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, and a thousand extras were busy emoting in "Quo Vadis" when one of the ferocious bulls broke loose and did some people-throwing before six Italian policemen shot him dead. Bob and Barbara Stanwyck celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary on the Isle of Capri during a production lull.

\* \* \*

Betty Lynn, cute little redhead of Hollywood's younger set, finished dead last (Please turn to page 72)

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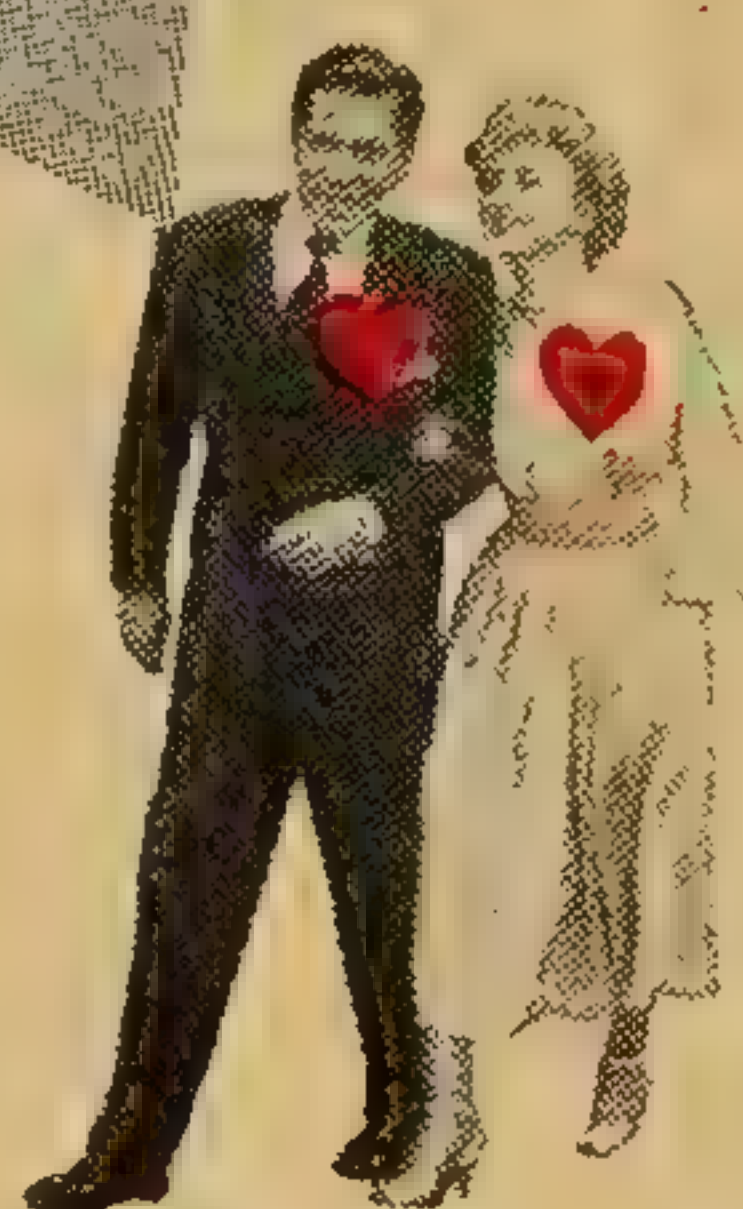
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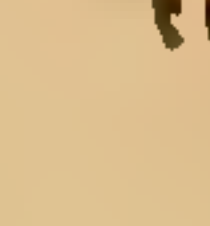
it's  
all  
about  
women...  
and their  
men!



it's **all** about **eve**

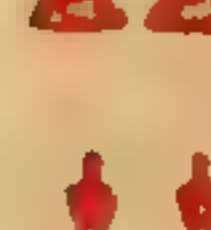



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*20th Century-Fox*





# NEWSREEL



Right up front in the big auditorium were Ann Sheridan, Collier Young and Joan Fontaine. Joan and Collier, Ida Lupino's ex, seem to be a new Hollywood twosome.



Jane Wyman was the cynosure of all eyes when she attended opening of "Ice Follies Of 1951" with Greg Bautzer, Ginger Roger's constant escort until a few months ago when Ginger went East for a lengthy visit.



Left: Having a wonderful time at premiere of the thrilling two-hour ice spectacle at the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles are Diana and William Powell, Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman.

Jane Powell and Geary Steffan were among the film-folk attending the 15th anniversary edition of the "Ice Follies," which featured Richard Dwyer, the 14-year-old sensation of the ice skating world.

Completely bewitched by skill of skaters, Joan Crawford and her two children, Christina and Christopher, express their admiration to Mae Ross, featured performer.







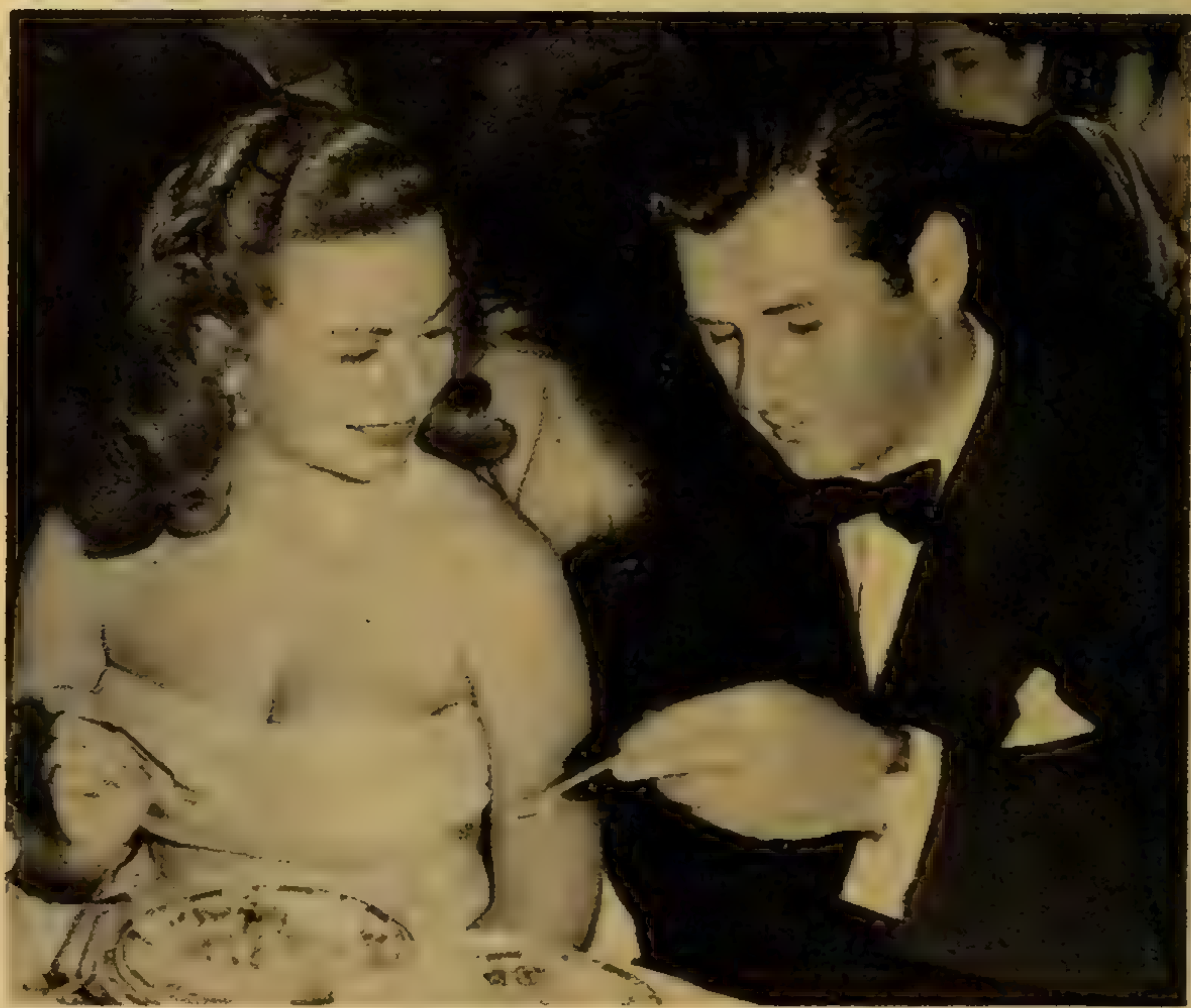
Betsy Drake and Cary Grant at a gala filmland event—the recent first night of Connie Moore's singing stint at the Cocoanut Grove.



Lex Barker had returned from African location for newest Tarzan picture in time to escort his best girl, Arlene Dahl, to the opening.

## NEWSREEL

Representing Hollywood's younger set was Joan Evans, with Kirby Weatherly. He's a new date for her, and the two had a fine time.



This was one of Jeanne Crain's first public appearances after the birth of her third son. She came with her husband, Paul Brinkman.

The talented Connie, after a marvelous performance, got a rewarding drink and a kiss of congratulation from Producer Collier Young.







Ann Sheridan and Collier Young engaged in heated debate at dinner. The popular Annie's new picture is the exciting "Woman On The Run."

Devoted pair Anne Baxter and John Hodiak at the Grove. He had just gotten back from "Across The Wide Missouri" location work.



Connie was feted at a party after the opening, given by Joan Fontaine. She first came to Hollywood at 17, has been married to Agent Johnny Maschio for some time.



# Elizabeth Tells About Her Honeymoon!



Arriving in New York on Queen Elizabeth after three months of honeymoon.

**Interviewed while in Italy, Elizabeth Taylor describes eventful life as Mrs. Hilton**

**By May Mann Baer**

**R**OME: All roads lead to Rome—thus it was that the world's most celebrated honeymooners arrived to spend two days inspecting the ancient splendors of the Colosseum, where the Christians were fed to the lions; to see Nero's Circus Maximus; Michaelangelo's Dome atop St. Peter's; to stand on the banks of the Tiber, yellow in the moonlight, where Mark Antony, centuries ago, dreamed of returning to Cleopatra and her Nile.

Of course, I am speaking of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, who registered at the Excelsior Hotel on Via Veneto,

Rome's Fifth Avenue, as plain Mr. & Mrs. N. Hilton. In the interim, the newspapers from London and Paris reported the Hiltons playing a veritable game of "catch me if you can" with European photographers and press, determined to get a story from the famous newlyweds. The young Hiltons preferred to be alone and be left alone. But since I was the only Hollywood columnist in Europe last Summer, I thought they'd make an exception of someone from home and telephoned asking them to share an hour of their honeymoon with the readers of SCREENLAND.

Getting any one certain person on the telephone in Rome, unless you speak or at least have a nodding acquaintance with Italian, is a positive miracle. In fact, after asking for the Hiltons, ten voices later I wound up talking to Nicky.

"Liz is out shopping," he said. "You know how it is with a woman, she wants to get things for our apartment." Then he enlightened, "We'll be here tonight and leave tomorrow for Venice. We flew down last night. We won't be here long. We just want to see Rome. This is Liz's first time here, and we want to get back to the Lido, where it is quiet. If you call back at six, Liz will be here."

Twenty photographers had been alerted for two months that any day Liz Taylor and her bridegroom would come to town. So when Liz walked out of the hotel early that AM, to do some quiet shopping, she found the twenty photographers with flash bulbs waiting. They dashed after her with some of the more enterprising climbing right into her car, and insisting on going along for the ride. Liz didn't know it, but Italian photogs hand the chauffeur a tip in advance which causes him to act deaf, dumb and all but blind, of their presence.

At six o'clock I had Liz on the telephone. Marriage hasn't changed the unpretentious little girl quality, nor the certain shyness that marks Elizabeth Taylor's demeanor and voice. One would never suspect from talking to her that she was a fabulous movie queen who had just married one of America's most handsome young men, and who will one day inherit eleven million dollars.

"Oh, May, we're having such a won-

Liz and Nick at airport in Rome on way to Venice. They'd been to Paris, Monte Carlo.





derful time," she said over the telephone. "I just love Rome. The Colosseum is just like I read about in history. Isn't it wonderful seeing all of these famous places? Yes, I know I was born in England, but until now I have seen only England and France. The rest of Europe is all new to me. Nicky, however, has seen it all before, so now we're going everywhere so he can show me the places he likes best. Cameras? Oh yes, of course. We brought along a camera and a movie camera loaded with color film. At first we took a lot of snapshots, but we're sort of tired taking them by now. Yes, we arrived yesterday afternoon. We are flying back to Venice tomorrow afternoon. Yes, we've been on the canal at Venice in a gondola, but just once. We like the motor boats better. They're faster. For our first night in Rome," Elizabeth continued, "what do you think we did? We went out to Cinecitta to watch the night filming of 'Quo Vadis.' It was so exciting seeing a movie being made again."

At this point, I made a mental note, "May Mann Baer drop dead!" For I had been invited by my husband, Buddy Baer, to visit "Quo Vadis" that same night. They were filming the spectacular night scenes of the Christians being led into the arena to be consumed by lions at Nero's Circus Maximus. But instead, I had become so entranced with the moon swinging across the sky over my terrace that I had become moonstruck. I fear, and didn't go.

"Isn't that something, you a movie actress, visiting a movie studio on your first night in Rome," I returned. "That's like a postman (Please turn to page 52)

Liz befriends pooch at airport as May Mann Baer gets report on honeymooning Hiltons.

Elizabeth and her new white French poodle, Banco, view New York skyline from Queen Elizabeth. Life will be one long honeymoon for Liz, Nick.



Liz gets instructions from Director Mervyn Le Roy for her extra role in "Quo Vadis."

Actual scene from film showing Liz as one of 200 Christian martyrs being led to death.





Ray Milland applies masculine firmness to Joan Fontaine, an alcoholic, in the Paramount picture, "Mr. And Miss Anonymous."



He partook of hors d'oeuvres after party scene was shot



## Helping Hand From Ray

"Ray is the leading man every actress dreams of," reports Joan after working in a film with her friend, Ray Milland





Left: Whiling away spare time on the set. She says, "There is not an ounce of the 'leading man' stuff in Ray. He isn't pompous about being a star; and you don't have to get him in the mood to begin acting."



Right: As Alcoholics Anonymous worker he tries to cope with Joan. Ray taught her many of the techniques he used in "Lost Weekend" to portray realistic drunk. But he wasn't at all patronizing about his help.

## By Joan Fontaine

**R**AY MILLAND is the nicest person I ever met. Except for his wife, that is. She's even nicer.

I have been crazy about Ray and Mal for years. We've known each other for years. They've been to my house a thousand times, and I've been to theirs. And Ray and I have always wanted to work together. But—well, Hollywood is funny. Sometimes the pixies step in and you never do a picture with the right person.

A few months ago, however, Ray and I finally managed to give the back of our hands to the "little people." We learned that we were to co-star in "Mr. And Miss Anonymous" for Paramount.

The making of that film has been a complete joy to me. For Ray, I find, is the leading man every actress dreams of.

He always knows his job, to begin with. He can glance at seven pages of

new dialogue for a scene, read it once, keep on playing gin rummy, and go before the cameras letter perfect. He is never late, either to work in the morning (*which drives me crazy*) or in his timing. Of the latter, Director George Stevens has said of him, by the way, "Ray is without a doubt the greatest master of comedy in the industry. No one has even scratched the surface of his talent. He's so good you don't realize how good he is; his technique doesn't show. That's saying something!"

With this sort of compliment from a director, you can see how an actress would feel about the man. For me, as I say, working with him was superb. For he was always in there, always giving, whether the scene to be made was an intimate love passage, a long shot, or my close-up. And that, my friends, is rare!

There is not an ounce of the "leading man" stuff in Ray. He isn't pompous about being a star. You don't have to get him in the mood to begin acting, and he doesn't wander around the back of the stage muttering to himself before the cameras turn. He merely gets up from his chair, puts down his gin hand, and goes to work.

To appreciate such a guy, you have to have had some lemons in your career. And I've had a few. As a result, Ray stands out like a beacon in contrast.

And, incidentally, he is the only co-star I've ever had who actually went so far as to compliment the work of his leading lady. Does that sound strange? Unfortunately, it happens to be true.

I've learned a great deal from him, of course. For one thing, in "Mr. And Miss Anonymous," Ray is undergoing the biggest switch in his career: he plays a worker for Alcoholics Anonymous, and I play a drunk.

After "Lost Weekend," of course, Ray is an authority on inebriated people of all kinds for, in order to play *Don Birnam*, he did an enormous amount of research. And he has passed along a lot of this material to (Please turn to page 52)

Ray is the type of actor who does not hesitate to compliment work of a leading lady.



"He's not satisfied with second best . . . long ago decided Mal was perfect woman for him."







Left: Piper Laurie goes into training for her role in U-I's "The Milkman" with the aid of a healthy glassful of milk.

Above: Already busy with screen commitments, Piper does get a chance to relax sometimes with this aquatic companion.



## Bonnie Lassie From

A LASS named Laurie was once described, in a song, as being most captivating, but she was only imaginary. A big improvement over that dream lady is flesh-and-blood Piper Laurie, a new starlet at Universal-International. Piper brings us a bracing breath of Highland air via Detroit, where she was born and, despite a Gaelic appearance, is of Polish-Russian extraction. It was when she emoted in a Los Angeles high school play that a talent scout was startled almost out of his chair by her looks and her ability. She was signed by U-I, went to work there just after turning 18.

Left: When Piper was staying in Chicago she did some pleasant research for her "Milkman" assignment by paying a visit to the Hawthorn-Mellody Farms, where she viewed the dairy business close up.

As Piper's first part she was awarded a role in "Louisa," and all of her friends—James Best, Meg Randall, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson and Anthony Curtis—gathered in U-I commissary to wish her lots of luck.







Right: Piper treats her milkman kindly. Her second film for U-I is "The Milkman," in which she has Donald O'Connor as co-star.

Below: Her hair is red and her eyes are brown; she is 5'4½". She began modeling and playing with little theatre companies at 16.



When she was put under contract she refused to take any salary until she actually started work at the studio.

# Detroit



Piper samples another Hawthorn-Mellody product as she spends a happy afternoon at suburban house of some friends during her recent visit to Chicago.









# Grim Reminder

**T**HOUGH new world conflict may surpass World War II in horrors and treachery, echoes of that vicious fight against an aggressor are still bitter enough reminders. Such a reminder is Tyrone Power's new picture, "American Guerilla In The Philippines," based on a novel by Ira Wolfert. It tells of the organization of hastily and belatedly trained Filipinos who learned to strike so effectively at the Japanese enemy behind his own lines. Tyrone, who makes his way to one of the Islands after his torpedo boat is sunk by hostile planes, becomes involved in the movement, at first unwillingly. But, as one after another of his own men is killed and as he witnesses the sufferings of the Islanders, including Micheline Puelle, whose husband is beaten to death, he reaches a decision to fight with these brave allies for what seems almost a lost cause.

In Manila, the two stars were the guests of honor at a Red Cross ball. Ty's in London now in play, "Mister Roberts."

Tyrone Power with Micheline Puelle in 20th Century's "American Guerilla In The Philippines."



He and Micheline experience the brief reunions and long separations that two lovers know in every war.

While on location, Ty took films of his own to add to collection he has of foreign lands he's visited.







Deborah with husband, daughter Melissa, now with her in Rome.

Say the electricians, "She's the most lady-like of any actress."

"Of all the tests I made in Hollywood," says Director Mervyn LeRoy, "Deborah Kerr stood out as Lygia"

By

May

Mann Baer

Deborah with May Mann Baer, whose husband is in picture.



# *In Rome With Deborah*





Deborah, co-star Bob Taylor and Director Mervyn LeRoy seeing the sights in Rome.



Deborah and Bob in scene in "Quo Vadis," MGM's most spectacular and costly picture.

**R**OME: Deborah Kerr was in Bob Taylor's arms, her lips apart in a slightly breathless expression. Yes, her suspicions were correct. He had had her seized to be his slave. The momentary thrill of his handsome, aggressive male virility, changed to anger, coupled with indignation, as he drew her to him. Deborah Kerr was playing the role coveted by every dramatic actress in Hollywood. Twenty stars including Ann Blyth, Janet Leigh, Elizabeth Taylor, Arlene Dahl and countless more had tested for the role of the virgin *Lygia* in "Quo Vadis," the biggest picture ever attempted, being filmed at a cost of eight million in Rome, Italy, by MGM.

Hollywood buzzed, "How did Deborah Kerr get the most delectable role of the year? What made her so special?" Did she have the saintliness of a virgin covering the fire of a woman recklessly in love? Certainly, she had been nominated for an Academy Award for "Edward, My Son." To some, she is England's most

able contribution to Hollywood. But to star in the picture, which may be the greatest of all time—how come?

I found myself fascinated as I sat with Director Mervyn LeRoy on the set at Cinecitta while Bob Taylor, Buddy Baer and Deborah worked before the Technicolor cameras.

"I really shouldn't like Deborah at all. I should resent her," I whispered to Mervyn. "Here my favorite boy friend, Buddy Baer, is spending all day here at Cinecitta with her—and only a couple of hours with me—just long enough to take me to dinner evenings. Why, she sees him all of the time."

"Buddy thinks she's great—" smiled Mervyn LeRoy approvingly, "and that is as it should be. After all, he's her protector. He fights the bull and saves her from being burned at the stake in Nero's arena. Few people really know Deborah, but of all the tests I made in Hollywood, she stood out as *Lygia*. She has the fire, and that (Please turn to page 53)

The co-stars go over the script together. Both had their spouses join them in Italy.

Giant Buddy Baer, who plays Deborah's trusty slave in "Quo Vadis." He fights a bull for her.



Deborah models the beautiful gown she wears in the Emperor Nero's banquet scene in Technicolor production of "Quo Vadis," the film which will cost \$8,000,000 before completion.









# Always Keep Trying

**I**F THE United Nations should decide to adopt so frivolous but lovely an item of equipment as a masthead—in the manner of venturesome ships which once cleaved many seas as strange as those upon which the UN is presently launched—Hollywood has the masthead figure for them.

Her name is Faith Domergue; she was born in New Orleans (itself an internationally celebrated city), (Please turn to page 55)

Right: Faith's with Bob Mitchum in RKO's "Where Danger Lives." She once had a troublesome lisp.

Left: Faith, friend Edith Lynch. Afternoon walk led her to first encounter with Howard Hughes.

She spends much of her time in South America. Here she is in scene with Bob.

Her husband's an Argentinian; she has a daughter named Diana.

One man said, "She's too thin," but Faith Domergue is now a pinup collector's item.

By Fredda Dudley Balling









*John's Happy Now!*

THE *Washington Star* has already made very much better headway than we have a lot more time at its disposal, being, I think, from 25 to 30 days out. The editor is still a novice but earned his way in during the war, and one of his first acts was to have the paper run for example an editorial piece on a recent night, on this subject "The Race," which dealt with the then very thing of a *Washington* football game. He spoke of it as "The Race" and from that time the word has been dropped and it is as if he had said in his own mind that



**Right: John in Columbia's "The Hero." His father hoped he would be a painter instead of an actor.**







# Almost A "Movie Widow"

Esperanza, or "Chata," as he calls her, was a successful actress in Mexico. She gave up her career when they married.

**By Mrs. John Wayne**

**S**OME women call themselves "golf widows." I'm almost a "movie widow." I'd really be one if my husband didn't like a quiet evening at home after his seven-to-seven work days, which occur day after day. Suppose he cared about night-clubs and big parties? I'd never see him alone!

You see, Duke—everyone who knows him at all well calls him by that nick-name which dates back to college—is so really interested in motion pictures that he works and works and works. Much harder now than before he had his big success. It's not that he is concerned only with acting or the money he can make; he wants to do as many things in movies as possible, and know all about them.

"His temper is usually even, but he'll lose it if someone tries to make him change a decision." John's seen here with Julie Bishop in an important scene from the memorable "Sands Of Iwo Jima."



His son, Pat, has part in his Republic picture, "Rio Grande Command."





His "Rio Grande Command" co-star is Maureen O'Hara. His friend, John Ford, directs it.



Eating oranges with Maureen. John is one of the greatest box-office draws in filmdom.



## John Wayne's wife explains why she is completely happy to be the woman who waits for him to come home every evening

You know he has been producing pictures for the last few years. He has just completed his first production in which he did not also act, "Torero," which was filmed in Mexico and stars Bob Stack. Soon he will also try his hand at directing one, on which he will also be producer—and star! That will be "Alamo" and will also be shot in Mexico. Meantime he has starred in "Rio Grande Command," directed by his good friend, John Ford, and has finished "Jet Pilot" at RKO. For the next several years he will make one picture a year each for Warners, RKO and Republic, plus whatever ones he has time for with Jack Ford. That is a schedule, *no es verdad?*

Someone said recently that Duke is the "workingest man in town." That's just about true. I know his manager, Boo Roos, told a producer who wanted to borrow him for another studio recently, "Let's face it, John Wayne is not available for the rest of his natural career." That's a bit exaggerated, but gives you an idea of how busy he is. But he loves it.

When Duke used to have time off between pictures he went hunting or fishing with his friends, in the High Sierra or Idaho for deer, off Baja California for marlin or sword fish. He's not had a chance in two years. Sometimes I went along for dove hunting in the desert, but he's not had time for that for a while, either. We have a very small speed boat, the Apache, moored down at Newport, only about 45 miles from home, but haven't used it once since it was overhauled and painted in the late Spring!

People think all movie stars have such an easy life, that although they work hard during a film they then can vacation a long time. Well, some of them can, I know, but not all. My husband cannot. Not since he's taken on the worries and work of producing and directing.

Fortunately he is *muy simpatico*. *Muy*, you may know, means very. *Simpatico* is not just sympathetic. It means agreeable, friendly, easy to get along with, nice to have around. Duke is all of that. And more. He is honest and outspoken; he never does what you call "mincing words." If he makes a decision he sticks to it. His temper is usually even and under control, but he will lose it if someone tries to make him change a decision. He is casual, friendly and informal and likes to laugh, but is not a "story teller." He likes to talk about real things: world affairs, politics, government—and of course picture business, in which he's worked 20 years.

He is definite and not afraid to take sides. Some actors think that anything

apart from acting is "not their business," but not Duke. He is now serving his second term as president of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, an organization designed to expose and combat Communists and their propaganda.

His sense of humor is very good. (*I don't want you to think all his work is making Duke a "dull boy."*) He loves a good practical joke, whether he is the perpetrator or the victim. He thought it was so funny when about a year ago Stephen Ames bought a hundred keys, put tags on them saying, "If found please return to John Wayne. Reward." He added our phone number and address. Then he scattered them all over Los Angeles. For days and days we had inquiries. I've never learned what Duke

The Waynes at home. "He is friendly and likes to laugh, but is not a 'story teller.'"



did in retaliation; I'm sure it was something equally bothersome!

I had a horribly embarrassing experience recently as the result of Duke's sense of humor. We have a Brittany spaniel which he named Brainless, because it's so smart. Then we have two Cocker spaniels that he named for two mascots of some outfit he entertained overseas. The boys' dogs were Fearless and Half-As, so that's what Duke named ours, knowing people would misunderstand or misinterpret the name of the poor little second pup that (*Please turn to page 60*)

Shady spot on Utah location. John works very hard, but he loves his tough schedule.



# Happy Birthday, Kate!



Kathryn Grayson had a birthday while she was at work on "The Toast Of New Orleans," and her co-stars, David Niven and Mario Lanza, gave her this luscious cake.



She's a New Orleans opera star and Mario a lusty Cajun fisherman in the MGM picture.



Just back from the East where he did television, Kathryn's husband, Johnnie Johnston, rushed to see her on film set.



**E**VERYONE loves limpid-eyed songstress Kathryn Grayson, and when she reports on a set for a picture it's an occasion for rejoicing. These shots were taken during the making of "The Toast Of New Orleans," her new starring vehicle for MGM, and they are evidence of Kathryn's high status with her fellow workers. It is the second picture she has made with the new singer, Mario Lanza. Kathryn, an established singing star herself, is very confident that Mario will have a sensational career. So, when she was cast opposite him in the Technicolor opus, Kathryn felt that she really had a share in Mario's progress toward the top.

She thinks she looks dreadful, though the makeup man probably never powdered a prettier face.

This birthday salute on the part of David and Mario is heartfelt. They both thought a lot of their leading lady.







John and his mother, Dolores Costello Vruwink, wife of a prominent physician.



Picture of his father and mother on his dresser. Dolores Costello was among most famous of the stars of the silent screen.



## Challenge For Junior



Despite his heritage, he knows he must learn the technique of acting, just like any other beginner.

**W**HEN he was in high school John Barrymore, Jr., deliberately avoided playing in the school shows. He knew that his mother was not eager to have him become an actor and he didn't want to discredit his family's famous name. But now, like other present day offspring of Barrymore thespians, he has chosen to follow a way of life that his father, his Aunt Ethel and Uncle Lionel have all pursued with great distinction. John's just done his second picture, "High Lonesome," is as yet uncertain that he'll make the grade. He had never seen a film of his father's until last year, fears imitating him.



John with Kristine Miller in his second film, "High Lonesome." It is an Eagle Lion release in Technicolor.





Victor Mature is Ann's leading man in 20th's picture, "Stella." When she isn't working Ann is fond of going to a nightclub several times a week.

## Ann Sheridan discovers that a bachelor girl's domestic life can sometimes be quite a problem

**I**F ANN hadn't gone on that china-buying binge in Germany this never would have happened.

But you know Annie Sheridan. When she has an enthusiasm she goes all out for it. Remember when Ann discovered Mexico? The entire rhumba band from a downtown Los Angeles nightclub moved in with her and played rhumbas night and day. Her house gradually became a duplication of Olvera Street, and Ann's digestive system, always amiable, was treated to a diet of enchiladas, beans and tortillas. Every day was fiesta. Heaven help the Sheridan bank account when Ann discovers the Old Masters.

Ann's had a weakness for china for a long time. It started one Christmas back in Denton, Texas, when she was seven years old. An aunt gave her a doll's tea set with a pattern of pretty pink rosebuds. Ann thought it quite the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Today she has more Spode, Wedgwood and Haviland tucked away than she'll ever get around to using, even if she decides to have a go at entertaining a duke and duchess. As Ann is one of the very few movie stars in Hollywood completely unimpressed by Names this is as likely to happen as Thanksgiving in June.

But there was Ann in Germany in the Winter and Spring of 1949 on location with the "I Was A Male War Bride" company. For several important sequences in the picture it was necessary that Ann learn to drive a motorcycle proficiently. (*That now famous bike is at the 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, and Ann has been scheming to buy it—but her manager says she'll break her pretty neck and he won't give her the money.*) A nice G.I. from Tyler, Texas, taught Ann how to handle the machine and Ann took to motorcycling with vim and vigor and no sparing the brakes. The civic officials were polite about it, but they just intimated in a friendly fashion that wouldn't it be jolly if Miss Sheridan did her practicing in the country where there were wide open spaces. Germany had enough ruins and maimed people. Ann obligingly took her bike to the countryside. "And everywhere I looked," she says, "I saw exquisite old china. I'd drive back to town, get a company car, and load it up." She bought and bought and bought. Rosen- (Please turn to page 63)


Homey interlude with David Wayne in "Stella." Few things upset amiable, casual Ann.

Ann and Leif Erickson. She's been rebuilding house she's had since divorce from George Brent.

She has liked Steve Hannagan for a long while, but she likes independence, too.







Many people are puzzled that charming Ann stays single. Her next is "Woman On The Run," a U-I released picture.

# Still Being The Confirmed Bachelor Girl

By  
**Elizabeth Wilson**





Nancy's wholesomeness appealed to Bing Crosby so he chose her for "Mr. Music."

**By Faith Service**

Nancy is a typical normal, middle-class girl who's just like fifty million other U.S. girls.

Last March Nancy married Playwright Alan Lerner in a simple home wedding.



Even marriage and a career haven't changed the oh-so-normal Nancy Olson

*Wholesome*





Nancy, Charles Coburn and Bing Crosby in a scene in the Paramount film, "Mr. Music."



"There is nothing horrible, heroic or even slightly hysterical about my story."



Chatting with Bing on set. "Even the town I was born in is sort of, well, conventional."

**L**UNCHING with Nancy Olson at Sardi's in New York one day not long ago, we remarked that we'd just come from an interview with Ruth Roman whose mother had been a snake-charmer.

Nancy looked rueful. Nancy said, wistfully, "I wish I had had a snake-charmer mother or a tattooed-man father or something interesting like that. Something that would make colorful copy when I give out a story. A skeleton in the closet, maybe, or even a neurosis which would make me behave the way Bette Davis does in some of her pictures, sort of borderline. But in me you find, alas, a very, very typical, normal middle-class girl as like as possible to fifty million other girls in these United States.

"I've never been the least bit hungry, lonely, frustrated, discouraged, unhappy, confused or *anything*," Nancy sighed, adding with an anxious expression in her bright blue eyes, "I doubt that you can even write a story about me, I'm so normal."

"To be normal nowadays is to be practically abnormal," we encouraged. "If you can give us the case history of a perfectly normal girl, complete with details, we'll have a story, never fear."

Nancy brightened. "No one is better qualified than I," she said, "to analyze a normal girl since I, without the slightest detour, *am* one.

"At college they called me," Nancy made a funny face, "'Wholesome Olson.' How d'you like that? Why, even on the

screen I'm normal. In fact, it's because I look normal, act normal, *am* normal that I'm on the screen at all!

"In Gloria Swanson's great comeback picture, 'Sunset Boulevard,' I play the part of *Betty Schaefer* who is the only normal person in the picture. Everyone else in the cast, including Miss Swanson, is macabre, is over the borderline—I alone am all sort of genuine and simple and believable. It was because Billy Wilder, who directed the picture, wanted someone completely opposite to Miss Swanson that he chose me to play *Betty*. What's more he wanted me to wear my own clothes and I did. I picked out the plainest stuff I owned, sweaters and skirts and one simple dinner dress. By way of makeup I wore only a base and wouldn't have worn that except that my skin is so fair I'd wash out otherwise. But no fake eyelashes for me, nor any of the goo that makes glamour. Billy Wilder told me, "*I want you to look just exactly the way you look.*"

"So I looked just exactly the way I look, which is so normal that it couldn't," sighed fair-of-face Miss Olson, "be normaler. I'm five feet five in height. I weigh 117 pounds. I have blue eyes. I have tan hair. In my studio biography my hair is described as 'caramel blonde' but that's just someone getting fancy about my light brown, American-color hair.

"Even the town I was born in—Milwaukee, Wisconsin—is sort of, well, conventional. I love Milwaukee, especially the suburb in which I grew up. But wasn't there a star born on the Isle of Jersey and wasn't Greer Garson born in County Down, in Ireland? Quite a number of great people, stars and otherwise, were born, I know, in New York's Hell's Kitchen or down on the lower East Side—from which they arose with tales of horror—and of heroism—to tell.

"There is nothing horrible, heroic or even slightly hysterical about my story.

My Dad, Dr. Henry John Olson, is an obstetrician and gynecologist—a leader, in fact, in the field of obstetrics. My mother taught a business course before she married, but after her marriage was 'just a housewife,' as normal as you please, and the wise and witty mother of me and of my one wonderful brother who is now sixteen.

"My parents' marriage is completely happy—so none of the tension or bickering of warring parents, no least suggestion of the (Please turn to page 61)

Being prettied up for the camera. College chums nicknamed her "Wholesome Olson."



Olson



# Here's How It Happened

**W**HEN Patrice Wymore answered the Warner Brothers' summons to Hollywood and timorously boarded an airplane for that destination, she was about as sure she would become front page romantic news as she was that the motion picture industry would proclaim her a new Sarah Bernhardt.


Pat had narrowly missed being in a bad airplane crash the year before and had supplied herself with remedies to ward off air fright. Being of the school who believes if one pill is good then three are better, she had hardly boarded the plane when a big sleep overtook her. She vaguely remembered landing at Chicago

**By Lynn Bowers**

and her next recollection was being shaken by the air hostess, who gave her the news that she was at the end of the line, Hollywood.

The tall, blue-eyed, blonde Patrice was also unaware, from a personal point of view, that such a person as Errol Flynn existed. Sure, she knew of him. Who doesn't? But he wasn't included, even remotely, in her dreams or schemes. Pat had the usual number of boy friends in New York, no ideas of matrimony, and a clear mind fixed on her future and her career. No romantic notions cluttered up her thinking.

Or so she thought. She thought it, subconsciously, when she met the celebrated Mr. Flynn very casually at the studio. Director William Keighley introduced them after he'd singled her out for the test which led to her being Errol's leading lady in "Rocky Mountain." This is the point at which fate entered (Please turn to page 64)



Errol thought he was in love before, but this time he's sure it's for keeps.

Patrice Wymore in "Tea For Two," Warner musical in which she made film debut.

Patrice made a name for herself as dancer on Broadway before Hollywood called.



**What you should know about  
Errol Flynn's surprise ro-  
mance with Patrice Wymore**



Errol and Patrice in "Rocky Mountain." They'd met casually before, but fell in love while on location for picture.

Tense moment in "Rocky Mountain." Errol and Pat's dad have become great pals, result of his trip to her Kansas home.



Pat gets her neck massaged by dancing partner Gene Nelson on "Tea For Two" set at Warners after strenuous, aerobic routine for picture.



# It's Smart To Be Dumb

Actually, Judy Holliday's decision to play a witless dame was a stroke of genius

By Gladys Hall

**A**S I uncovered my typewriter, not two minutes ago, to begin work on this piece about Judy Holliday, I sounded a note of warning in my own ears. "Now, my girl," I said, "let's not get cute about this thing by pretending to be surprised that Judy Holliday is not the dumb blonde she played for so long in "Born Yesterday" on Broadway, nor the equally dumb blonde she played in "Adam's Rib" in Hollywood nor yet the return-engagement-dumb-blondie she is now playing in the film version of "Born Yesterday" for Columbia Pictures.

"Let's vary the formula," I advised myself, "by omitting to mention that Judy's grade-school I.Q. was 172 (*she was the age of ten at the time!*) or, if we must mention it, let's forget the ubiquitous exclamation point. Let's not put in, with a simulated air of glad surprise, the biographical fact that at an age when other moppets were reading "The Bobbsey Twins" our girl, Judy, was poring over the tortured tales of Turgenev, Tolstoy's "War And Peace," Dostoyevsky's grim "The Brothers Karamazov" and the very adult like.

"Let's take it in stride," I said to me, "that she's written songs (*published*), skits and sketches (*played*), is writing A Book, a novel, collects antiques and can't be foxed by dealers, cooks to beat the Cordon Bleu, is married to a musi-

Judy and Bill Holden sightseeing Washington during location work for "Born Yesterday."



Judy as Billie Dawn in Columbia's "Born Yesterday." Next: "I hope for a literate part."





With Bill again. Her husband, David, is first clarinetist with the N.Y. Symphony.

Left: Judy as stage Billie—part she got at last moment, when Jean Arthur fell ill.

Dressed for location scene she envies the light attire of Bill, Dir. George Cukor.



cian—David Oppenheim, first clarinetist of the New York Symphony—so knows her Sibelius from her Stravinsky, her Bela Bartok from her Ludwig Beethoven—and that a feature of Judy's living-room is an Unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary, large enough to be used as a davenport but not used, as something to sit upon, by Judy!

Having thus admonished myself I fell to typing, reflecting, as I tapped, that we all, the readers of SCREENLAND and I, have been raised in the clown-

with-the-breaking-heart, villain-with-the-heart-of-gold school. We know, none better—I have written, none more often—that Danny Kaye is, by nature and temperament, the Melancholy Dane, that Humphrey Bogart plays patty-cake with baby pandas, that beneath the jewelled bosoms of the Mesdames Turner, Hayworth, Dietrich, Grable, Swanson, Lamarr beat hearts as homely as striped calico. Thus trained, we wouldn't be caught dead believing Judy Holliday is, for real, a dumb blonde, even if she

were. In short, we have been educated to understand that appearances—and acting assignments—deceive.

Besides, in no time at all, it will be dated to think of Judy as the dumb blonde she isn't because, once the last shot of "Born Yesterday" is in the box at Columbia Studios in Hollywood, Judy isn't going to play anymore. Isn't, that is, going to play dumb anymore. After the long stretch she has served as a dumb blonde on Broadway, she's tired of dumb blonde- (Please turn to page 70)



# Dating Season

PLEASE TURN to page 66)  
for information where to  
purchase these selections.

Screenland  
Fashion Selections  
*by Kay Brunell*



**Fashion Selection #229** For festive afternoons and evenings, Rita Colton, lovely NBC television star, dons a Loma Leeds designed frock of tissue faille that features a peplum draped over the hips—to give you that new slim look so popular this season. Tiers are edged in fine beading. Dress comes in black or taupe. Sizes 12 to 18. About \$15.



**Fashion Selection #230** This exquisite Alfred Angelo designed gown of metallic damask and rayon net will make you look as bewitching as Rita. Consists of taffeta slip with double rayon net skirt reinforced with buckram. Overdrape has four folds in front, six in back. Comes in white, copper, Nile, shot with silver. Sizes 8 to 16. About \$35.



Fashion Selection #231 Rita ready for a gala evening in a strapless Barbara dance frock of taffeta with huge side bow of contrasting color. Skirt is trimmed with double rows of cording. Comes in white or black with tomato red or emerald green trim. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16). About \$20.

PHOTOS TAKEN IN HOME OF  
HELENA RUBINSTEIN  
BY ROCKFIELD-MOSS STUDIO

Jewels by Monet

Shoes by Andrew Geller

Fashion Selection #232 Young Hollywood does this dainty dress of nylon ribbed tulle that resembles tucks. Top is fashioned like shirtwaist with jewel buttons, skirt is full with ruffle at bottom. Contrasting velvet sash. In grey, navy or toast. Sizes 9 to 15. The price is about \$20.





# Screenland Salutes

## "All About Eve"



Bette Davis, Gary Merrill, Anne Baxter, George Sanders in one of the dramatic moments in the 20th Century-Fox film, "All About Eve."

Below: Thelma Ritter, Bette's faithful maid, stands by her as Bette, refusing to face facts, tries to drown her sorrows with martinis.



Anne Baxter's career is launched when, with the aid of George Sanders, a critic, she becomes Bette's understudy.

**I**NDIVIDUALLY, Bette Davis, Anne Baxter and Celeste Holm already have won many plaudits for superb performances. So, when they're starred in a film together a challenge has to be met. And how they meet it! Three distinct performances, each brilliantly done in a stirring photo finish for the acting honors. Bette, of course, is the dynamic one; Anne, the quiet but determined type, Celeste the gal who's a little of each. The story centers around Bette, a famous actress whose career is mostly behind her. How Anne, a devoted fan, worms her way into Bette's affections and finally into her place in the theatre will hold you spellbound until film's end.

To further career, Anne seeks help from Celeste Holm, whose playwright husband she doesn't mind stealing.





# For A Lovely Christmas

New glamour in packages, to give or to receive,  
for many long months of continuing loveliness

By Elizabeth Lapham



Slip one or two Flame-Glo Lipsticks in the toe of her stocking so she can be an artist with two colors like RKO's Betty Underwood.



This secretive snowman is hiding two precious drams of Djer-Kiss perfume so she can't possibly guess how pretty the bottle is.

The new white-and-gold Angel Face Mirror Case holds a compact supply of complete makeup to delight any girl on Christmas morning.



Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal and Eau de Quinine go right on pleasing men who appreciate definite reliability in their holiday grooming aids.

You'll find everything you need for a perfect manicure, including two popular shades of nail polish, in this Dura-Gloss kit.





## Elizabeth Tells About Her Honeymoon

Continued from page 23

on his day off, going to the post office to visit."

Liz laughed.

"Well, I wanted to see 'Quo Vadis.' I was up for the role, until I got married. I was so enthused with the script." Liz, definitely, will continue with her career.

"From Venice we're going to Switzerland and then back to Paris for one last look. We spent six weeks at Cannes. I was on the beach every day—getting a real tan. We loved England. I was there not so long ago with Mother, making 'Conspirator,' so it was actually renewing acquaintances and introducing Nicky to my godmother, who thinks he is wonderful, too. We went to the races." Did she bet? "Well, not much," Liz said. "I'm not the gambling type." Then came Paris. They stayed at the George Cinq Hotel, and then attended a wonderful dinner party given by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. "We hope we grow old together gracefully and wonderfully like the Duke and Duchess. They were such lovely people," Liz remarked. "Yes, the dinner was wonderful and it was a very formal party, a good chance to wear one of my trousseau numbers. We went to a lot of parties in England and France. At Monte Carlo, it was exciting visiting the casinos." Did she place any bets? "Well, yes," Liz admitted. "But never more than two dollars an evening." She won and lost so it was a no-win no-lose deal and she came out even.

Missy and Dick Bigelow, a delightful young American couple whom they'd met in New York, accompanied them to Rome. It was fun going foursome on the third month of their honeymoon. They didn't do much letter writing, but Liz and Nicky had called home five times.

"We get on the telephone and talk to everyone at home. Nicky's father in New York, and my father, mother and brother and the cook in Beverly Hills, and of course my dog, Butch. His woof indicates that he knows my voice. I am taking a new white French poodle home from Paris. He was given to me by friends, and I'm leaving Butch home with mother. I don't want to uproot Butch, also a French poodle, from his home after all of these years."

What had Liz bought in Europe? "Well, not much," Liz confessed. "I had my trousseau, all new, and I don't really need anything. In Paris Nick, (*she calls him Nick, he calls her Liz*) said he expected I would want clothes. 'All women buy clothes in Paris,' I replied. 'But I have all of my perfectly wonderful new trousseau,' I reminded. But being in Paris and not buying at least one dress was rather unthinkable so Nick said, 'Let's get you one at least, Liz. People will think I'm not a generous husband if you go back to America without anything new from Paris.' We saw dresses, dresses, and I chose a dream one of pink and gray chiffon for evening. Nick still

seemed amazed that I didn't want a half-dozen. 'What sort of a woman are you?' he teased. 'My, how conservative you are, Mrs. Hilton!' But I feel that just because I now have a husband to buy my gowns is not enough reason to buy things I don't need. I've always loved beautiful clothes, but I don't believe in buying more than one can wear in one year." Liz demonstrates a side of considerate wifely thrift in the expenditure of her husband's income, which points to a happy, successful security for the young Hiltons. In spite of being raised in the great wealth of his father, head of the fabulous Hilton Hotel chain in America, Nicky has been taught sound business principles regarding finance, which means that a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

The following afternoon I met them both at the Airport Dell Urbe. A big limousine drove up. And presto, there was Liz alighting with a welcoming smile, and Nicky alighting with a quick "Hi" as he raced to the ticket window to purchase their tickets, to have their baggage weighed, to pay the excess which was little, since they were traveling light, after which he gave substantial, but modest tips.

"If we don't hurry and get aboard, we won't get a seat," Nicky said. I thought of two last minute questions. "The American columns said you're expecting the stork," I remarked. "I wish that were true," Liz smiled. "Maybe someday, we



Anthony Curtis and Janet Leigh at the opening of "Ice Follies." She's in "Jet Pilot."

hope," Nicky added.

"One last question, where did you go your last night in Rome?" I asked. "Why, to Cinecitta," Liz laughed. "Yes, I know it seems strange spending both of our evenings at the studio, but you can't imagine how interesting it was. As a matter of fact, I became an extra, put on a Christian martyr's costume, and went into the Arena to be fed to the lions," Elizabeth declared. "So I'm in 'Quo Vadis' after all, if you look close enough."

They were to return to America on the Queen Elizabeth to get set up in their new apartment at the Bel Air Hotel.

"I want to have people to dinner and use some of our new wedding gifts," Liz smiled. Their plane took off, became a tiny speck in the sky, heading towards Venice. And Liz and Nicky's honeymoon in Rome was over.

## Helping Hand From Ray

Continued from page 25

me. He's taught me gestures to use, for instance, broad, undisciplined gestures without much control in them, and a way of walking, and other things. And he didn't offer these while looking down his nose as The Big Academy Award Winner, I might add. Instead, he merely said, "Joanie, you know, there's a little gag that you might like to do here. . ." It was so charming and helpful that I grabbed the suggestion.

He is charming, of course. In fact, when your job calls on you to pretend to be in love with someone—as mine does—it isn't nearly as difficult to imagine being in love with Ray as it is with some of the others. For he's not only attractive to look at, but he's—well, *nice* is the word, I suppose.

I'm not trying to give myself posies, but actually we are very much alike. We might be brother and sister. For we enjoy the same things, live the same way, do our job along the same lines.

Both of us are sensitive to manners and the use of language. And Ray is particularly so. He can take a look at me in the morning and tell whether or

not I am unhappy about something. And, when he finds that all is not copasetic, he will say, quietly,

"O.K. What's bothering you? Want to talk about it?"

I'll blow up for a minute, perhaps. And Ray will laugh. Kindly. Sympathetically.

"Calm down, Joanie," he'll go on. "Let's find out how serious this really is."

Naturally, within five minutes I have not only told him what is bothering me—knowing that it will go no farther, of course—but I am laughing about it.

Sometimes I have to calm him down, too. Particularly is this true after a session of gin with him. For I, she said modestly, invariably win.

And it kills him!

It isn't the stakes we play for which upsets him. We could be playing for pennies or thousands, and he would still hate to lose. It's the competition of the thing. He *likes* to win, *must* win, and he tries his darndest to do it.

And this, I think, carries over into his acting. He could get by, simply



by looking as he does and being what he is. But that isn't enough for Ray. When he takes on a role, it must be done—despite his outward casualness—in the best possible way, to the height of his ability. He must, in a sense, *win* over the role, be master of it.

He's a perfectionist in many other spheres as well. And in this I find myself once more in communion with him.

Ray is not satisfied with second best—in anything. He long ago decided, for instance, that Mal was exactly the perfect woman to be found anywhere—which she is, by the way. And he outdid himself to make her a part of his life for keeps.

At times, I might add, he's a slightly unconventional guest—at least as far as his old friends are concerned, anyway.

Mal and I will never forget one particular party I gave a short time ago, for instance.

I had just had my house remodeled, and the place was done in such a way that what seemed like the second floor was actually where most of the activity went on, the building being on a hill. The living room and dining room were on top, and there was a wing of bedrooms for myself and Deborah. And beneath these I had put in a small guest suite and an office.

Ray was working when the party began, so Mal came alone. Time passed. All the guests had appeared but Ray.

We asked ourselves if he could possibly be working so late. It didn't seem right. We phoned the studio and discovered that the company had broken for the night hours before. Where, then, was Milland?

I went out to the parking lot, finally, and asked the boy I had hired for the evening if Mr. Milland had come, by any chance.

"Sure, Miss Fontaine," he answered. "He's been in there for hours!"

"He *has*?" I said, astonished. "But where?"

"I dunno. But he came a long time ago."

I told Mal. And together we started a search of the house. We began with the main floor. No Ray. We went out into the garden. No Ray. Finally, we descended to the office and the guest suite.

There was Ray in an easy chair, calmly reading a book.

He announced, very peacefully, that he had no idea where the front door was after the remodeling, that he had come in through the guest suite door and couldn't find his way up to the festivities, and that sooner or later Mal or I would wonder where he was and send out the St. Bernards. Meanwhile, he added, he had been perfectly happy. It had been a very *good* book!

I think he's part pixie himself, come to consider it. And that's why he's not only fun to know, but wonderful to make a picture with.

It would be all right with me, now that the "Blondie" series is dead, if they made Ray and me its successor. I can see it now: "Ray And Joan In The Alps." "Ray And Joan Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea." "Ray And Joan Give A Hotfoot To Stalin."

From where I sit, it would be wonderful!

## In Rome With Deborah

Continued from page 31

certain quality of beauty. Here let me introduce you."

"Buddy speaks so often of you," she said with an airy, friendly smile. "He's so in love with you," she added. Now, how can you resent a girl like that? Then she said, "I really don't know how I was so lucky as to be chosen as *Lygia*. I'd been away from home so long in Africa making "King Solomon's Mines" that I never supposed I'd be sent away on another six-months location—so far as Italy. I was home three weeks when the rumblings started—then the tests—and then here."

"Tony, my husband," she continued, and her eyes lighted, "is due here in a week. I can scarcely wait. He was with me all during the Africa location. But just getting back into our lovely new home on the Pacific Palisades, overlooking the ocean, plus his making of television films forced Tony to stay on a little longer. He takes care of everything, gets everything going well and I just follow along with what he wants to do."

Suddenly she jumped up, like an arrow shot from a bow, and gathering her flow-

ing draperies of *Lygia*, did a neat sprint across Cinecitta lawns. Mervyn LeRoy, amused at my amazement, explained her abrupt departure. "Deborah's been waiting for a call from Tony in Hollywood." It was prearranged that when the doorman raised his hand, it was the signal that Tony was waiting on the wire half way around the world in California.

Production ceased until twenty minutes later when a pink cheeked, breathless Deborah returned, filled with apology. "That was Tony," she beamed. It was six o'clock in the morning in California while it was two in the afternoon here in Rome. She had been so excited she couldn't remember what he said, except he was leaving to join her immediately. And she was conscious what each word was costing—sixty dollars—nine minutes.

From then on Deborah was exuberant. She had just talked to the very special man in her life and it was difficult for her to suppress her emotions in showing indignation to Bob Taylor who was attempting to carry her off to some Roman Villa as his special prize of war—in spite of any Buddy Baer who would prevent him.



Arlene Dahl and Lex (Tarzan) Barker at "Ice Follies" preem. Will they marry?

"I haven't seen all of the famous places in Rome," Deborah disclosed later, although she did enthuse about her audience with the Pope. "I've been waiting for Tony so we can share the discovery of this beautiful Rome together. And Melanie, my daughter, two and a half, is the fatal attraction to keep me home when I'm not here at the studio." But she really should see more of Rome, she agreed. So it was settled that we two would take an afternoon and see some of the famous places together.

It was scorching hot when Deborah picked me up in her Italian car with the chauffeur, as it seemed to me, driving on the wrong side.

"Mama Mia!" I overheard the Italian doorman exclaim, fairly staring at Deborah. He said she was as ravishing as a golden goddess. The Italians have a special admiration for golden redheads. Everywhere we went that afternoon there were wide-eyed exclamations of approval from admiring Italians.

Deborah's dress was cotton, green and lavender. "I bought it here in Rome," she disclosed. "The Italian salesgirl insisted that it was the color for my eyes—and simply handed it to me—refusing any others."

"I'm really not an exciting person," she declared later as we sat on some granite placed there centuries ago by the Romans and gazed on the fabulous Colosseum where Nero fed the Christians to the lions. "Everything seems to go so smoothly. Melanie loves it here. We have a beautiful villa on the outskirts of Rome with a cool garden and terrace with flowers. And a perfect cook, Nanny, who goes with us everywhere and runs a home so efficiently."

We stood under the Arch of Constantine on the Appian Way and paused long enough to note that here the Roman soldiers had returned as great conquering armies. We had changed from the car to carriage and horse to clippety clop over the brick streets to more clearly experience being Romans.

"In Nero's day," Deborah said, "the men wore the fancy clothes. They kept forms in their wardrobes and their valets spent all day finding new ways of draping their bejeweled and colorful togas."



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by Kay Brunell

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*Bras and girdle may be purchased at the following stores:*

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Hearn Department Store, New York, N. Y.  
Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans, La.  
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Memphis, Tenn.  
Swern & Co., Trenton, N. J.



The women wore mostly plain white."

We stopped for ice cream, and I remarked that Deborah never has to worry about adding any poundage. She laughed, "I never eat much during the week when I am working, but I go on a bust over the weekend and indulge myself with everything that's good."

Deborah is a very adaptable girl. While others suffered the heat in Africa and the malaria, she weathered it through. In Italy she loves it all, taking whatever comes in stride in her level-headed and charming way. The electricians at the studio, for example, observed, "She is the most lady-like of any actress, dignified, but not snobbish." They adore her. And I can understand why.

## Always Keep Trying

Continued from page 33

of a French mother and a Spanish father. Faith's husband is an Argentinian who is the son of a Spanish mother and an Italian father, and Faith's daughter, Diana, was born in Buenos Aires, so holds dual citizenship in The Argentine and The United States.

The Domergue-Fregonese household includes an additional international representative, a Siamese kitten.

Finally, to clinch Faith's right to masthead honors, it should be pointed out that she is an authentic beauty whose appeal is universal.

Faith knew from the time she was seven that she was going to be an actress. Admittedly, she had some problems to solve. She lisped.

She worked diligently during school days in Los Angeles (*to which city her parents had moved when Faith was seven*) to correct her speech impediment and, despite the lisp, Warner Brothers signed her while she was still in high school and enrolled her in studio classes. She had already studied at Beverly Hills Catholic School and St. Monica's Convent, and suddenly she found herself occupying a desk next to Joan Leslie in the Warner school house.

During the Summer before Faith's senior high school year, Destiny took charge of her tot. Faith and a girl friend were coming home from the beach one evening when their car was struck broadside by a larger and heavier vehicle.

She awakened in the hospital three days later. In addition to other injuries, she had sustained two serious facial burns which doctors thought might leave her disfigured for life. Faith's enormous respect for the medical profession is explained by the fact that she came through weeks of ordeal without a scar, and without any physical handicap whatever.

Ordinarily, one could not regard an accident of this sort as a lucky break, yet. . . . It was decided that Faith should complete her recuperation at Balboa, the collegiate beach in Southern California, and the harbor in which some

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of the most famous boats in Southern waters are moored.

As Faith was strolling along the wharf one afternoon, she paused to admire the trimmest, proudest and tallest boat in the harbor. While she was scanning this towering beauty, she found herself looking up into the face of a girl friend from the Warner Brothers lot.

After mutual shrieks of surprise and recognition, the girl explained that she and her family were guests on the boat, and asked if Faith would come aboard.

The girls were lustily exchanging Hollywood gossip when they were joined by a tall, slender man wearing a beaten-up nautical cap, a sweatshirt, world-weary jeans, and canvas sneakers.

Faith's friend introduced the man, but Faith failed to catch the name. She knew merely that his eyes were both lively with wisdom and kindly with philosophy and that he wore an air of easy competence. She assumed that he was the boat's captain and asked him a great many questions about the boat's history, the distance it had logged, how it was handled, and much about navigation in general.

He answered gravely and with an air of shy appreciation for her interest.

When he excused himself and went below, Faith told her friend, "I'd be willing to sail around the world with a captain like that. He inspires complete trust."

Said the friend, rolling her eyes, "I suspected that you didn't hear what I said when I introduced that man. He isn't the skipper; he's the boat's owner, Howard Hughes."

"I still think he inspires trust," asserted Miss Domergue, neither intimidated nor impressed.

In her turn, Faith inspired so much Hughes' confidence in her ability and her future that he purchased her contract from Warner Brothers.

Faith moved the scene of her schooling from the Warner lot to the Hughes studio and set to work, vigorously, to absorb the instruction of Miss Katherine Braden.

After many months of coaching, Faith was ready (in 1944) to assume the feminine lead in "Vendetta," a picture version of Prosper Merimee's celebrated French story, "Colomba." Opposite her was cast the lad who will also gain international fame along with Faith when the picture is released, Donald Buka.

For two years, off and on, the picture was shot and reshot until it began to emerge as the motion picture masterpiece it had the right to be. What "Wings" did for Mr. Hughes' discovery, Jean Harlow, and what "The Outlaw" did for Mr. Hughes' discovery, Jane Russell, "Vendetta" will do for Faith Domergue. It will be showing, probably, at your favorite theatre at approximately the time you read this story.

Meanwhile, you will have seen Faith in "Where Danger Lives," which was shot under the working title, "A White Rose For Julie."

Before Faith is surrounded by the aura of fame, it would be wise to record what the girl, herself, without the trappings and the camouflage of world-wide prestige, is like.

## Are you in the know?



### When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- ☐ Run for the farthest exit    ☐ Mumble hi and g'bye    ☐ Take time out

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- ☐ The tartan skirt  
☐ The grey flannel dress  
☐ The chinchilla coat

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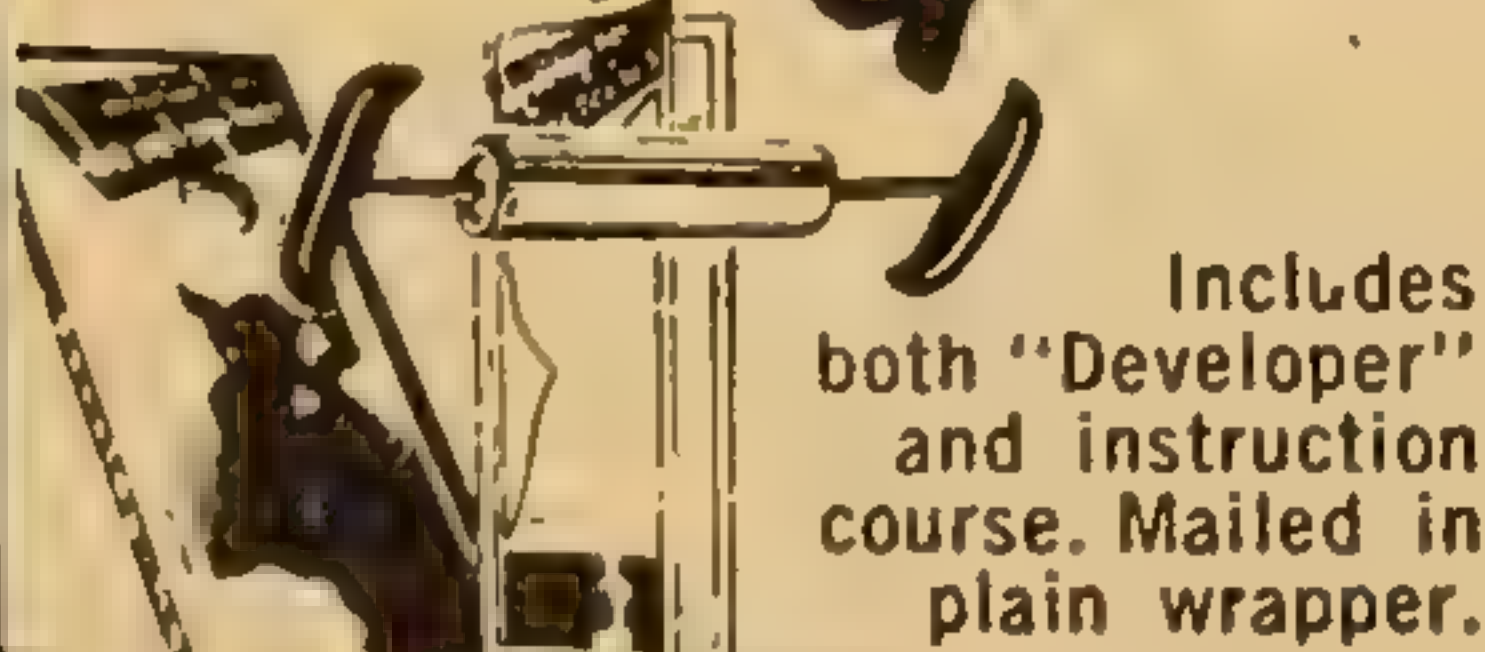
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For one thing, she knows her own mind. At a cocktail party one night she caught sight of a square-built, rugged, dark man lounging against the grand piano at the opposite end of the room. She had never before seen him in all her life, not even a picture of him, yet there was something about his face and bearing that answered her heart's secret quest.

Gradually she worked her way around the room in his direction, trying to think of ways in which to have him introduced to her.

Once again, Destiny obliged her tot. When Faith reached the piano, she found that one of her best friends had joined the stranger and was chatting with him. Quickly the stranger was introduced to Faith as Mr. Hugo Fregonese, motion picture director from The Argentine.

Faith and Hugo were married three months later, on October 7, 1947. Their international romance has not been so difficult of adjustment as one might expect: she teases him about his Spanish accent when he undertakes to speak English, and he teases her about her American accent when she attempts to speak Spanish. (On one recent occasion, Hugo reached the top of the stairway in their Westwood apartment with the exhausted statement, "These step, he keel me.")

In the midst of the unfolding days of her early picture start, Faith discovered that she was to have a child and was ecstatic. With never a backward glance at the coveted studio buildup planned for her at that time (1948), she gaily joined her husband in a year's picture-making sojourn in South America.

Not only was the South American social life much to her liking, but their methods of work appealed. It is customary in The Argentine to work nine

straight hours while a company is making a picture, those nine hours to be selected by the picture-making group and the director. Customarily, Hugo's company started shooting at one in the afternoon and worked until five when thirty minutes was taken for cakes, sandwiches, tea and coffee; the shooting continued until nine in the evening.

Dinner is served between eleven and twelve, and social life is active until three or four in the morning.

In only one respect did Faith and the Latin countries fail to establish rapport: the South Americans like their women to follow upholstered rather than sleekly modern lines.

One afternoon Faith was returning to her apartment after a shopping tour. At an almost-respectful distance behind her followed a gay blade who had nothing else to do except perfect his cavalier technique. He kept murmuring admiring comments about Faith's hair, her carriage, the manner in which she held her head, the smartness of her costume, her total desirability as a woman.

This is a fairly ordinary event in the lives of smart Latin women and must be given no more notice than is accorded in this country to a whistling truck driver by a cultured woman who happens also to be lovely to behold.

Faith, naturally, ignored the man, yet even as she ascended the apartment building steps, he leaned against the newell post and called one final compliment. When she neither shrugged, turned, or indicated in any way that she had heard, he announced in a clear tone, "Oh well, she is a little too thin for me anyway."

American men will have no such complaint against Miss Domergue, who is set to be the greatest pinup actress since Jane Russell's debut in "The Outlaw."

## Almost A "Movie Widow"

Continued from page 37

was half as fearless as his brother.

But it was I who bore the brunt of the joke one day when I was taking Half-As to the veterinarian's office. Part way there I realized I had no money and stopped at the bank to cash a check. I took the dog in with me and directed him to "sit" while I wrote the check. He did, for a second. I had trusted his obeying me and hadn't put on his lead, but he's used to romping in our yard, not to seeing so many people, and suddenly he was playfully chasing a little boy. I went after him, excitedly calling "Here Half-As. Half-As, come here!" Maybe it was my accent, or perhaps people just wanted to misunderstand, but soon everyone in the bank was laughing. When I caught the dog I was so embarrassed I fled, without cashing the check. I went home, with no stop at the vet's. When I told Duke he howled with laughter.

You might not believe it but Duke is a very sentimental man. For example, he

always calls me "Chata," which is a Mexican pet name for a little girl, although I am quite tall, or it also means pug-nose, and mine isn't exactly that. I love the idea, because he frankly doesn't know too much Spanish. Oh, he gets along in Mexico, because English is spoken so widely, but if there is any need I act as interpreter when we are there, which has been quite often lately.

Quite in keeping with his informality is our home, which is of rambling ranch style, furnished in early American antiques. The chairs are big and comfortable, with colorful but durable covers that can stand hard wear; the lamps are copper and brass, many of them planted; the tables are sturdy. Books and magazines are everywhere, for Duke is an inveterate reader.

He is inclined to drop things and leave them there for me or the housekeeper to pick up. He has a trick of flicking the ashes off his cigarettes by snapping his



fingers—but has an accurate aim. Duke isn't exactly a hobbyist; his only collection is one of guns, between thirty and forty of them.

Duke is always forgetting his keys and when we go on trips always forgetting to take his cameras, and he has several. He is devoted to "window shopping" in magazines, continually is sending off for things he sees advertised, everything from clothes to kitchen gadgets.

He has a way with children; they are attracted to him like nails to a magnet. His own four children, although they spend most of the time with their mother, adore him, visit us often and have spent long vacations with us at Catalina, until this last Summer when it was impossible because we were in Mexico. Incidentally, the oldest boy, Mike, had a small role in an MGM picture and his brother, Pat, performed with his father in "Rio Grande Command," in a bit role. Duke wants them all—there are also Toni and Melinda—to follow whatever careers they choose; if it is acting, he'll encourage them.

Duke isn't interested in any kind of jewelry for himself and likes me to wear just one nice piece. He seldom comments on my clothes, but I know he prefers me to wear well tailored, simple things. He is a wonderful dancer but isn't too fond of dancing. He likes plain American cooking.

I had been acting in pictures, mostly in my native Mexico but some in Hollywood, for six years before we were married; then I gave up my career. I think one actor in the family is enough. If we both were working we'd see even less of each other. I want to be relaxed and untired when Duke comes home in the evening, and be free to go on location trips with him—and most of his pictures have long location schedules. Duke never has said anything about my continuing or discontinuing my career, but I feel he's glad I gave it up.

Perhaps it was prophetic that when we met we both were very fond of the song "J'Attendrai." You may have heard the Jean Sablon recording of it; it means "I'll Be Waiting For You." For the wife of a man who is as busy as Duke is, I think it is very fitting, so I now say it is my theme song!

## Wholesome Olson

Continued from page 43

broken-home tragedy shadowed the sunny normalcy of my childhood.

"I went to public school. I practised piano an hour a day. I went to Sunday School. I played with all the kids on the block. I went to their birthday parties. They came to mine. My parents had a Summer place to which we went, immediately school was out, every Summer . . . typical, I tell you, just Miss Average American typical.

In Milwaukee's Wauwatosa high school, I appeared in plays. After graduation from high, I went on to the University of Wisconsin where I majored in



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drama, minored in psychology. While at Wisconsin I won a Wisconsin state oratorical contest (*my oration told children how to bring up their parents—a subject upon which, considering how beautifully mine have turned out, I felt qualified to speak*). As a result of this contest I was admitted to the Speech Institute of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. I was in the radio division, took a course in radio writing, another in reading commercials, etc. Best of all, I was thrown in for the length of my stay with some of the most brilliant kids in the country. This experience really clinched the deal for me. By the time I transferred to UCLA in California (*because my Uncle Erwin was teaching there*) I was really strong about doing something in dramatic art—on the stage, of course. Movies never occurred to me.

"At UCLA I continued to major in drama, minor in psychology. I also appeared in many of the school productions. As is customary, the Hollywood studios sent talent scouts to cover the college plays and lo, Paramount asked to test 'Wholesome Olson.' I was kind of flattered. I also thought that although I had no interest in films, loathed being photographed, even with a *Brownie*, I should know something about all the mediums of dramatic art of which the movies, even if not for me, is one.

"For my test I did a scene from 'A Farewell To Arms.' And soon after the studio called me and said, 'You are under contract as of March 1st.'

"It was as simple as that.

"After being told I was under contract, I went on for weeks drawing my salary for which I did nothing except a couple of other tests I made when the studio was testing an unknown boy and needed a girl to make the test with him. This, too, is common studio practice, is Hollywood-normal. Then more weeks would go by and each week my pay check would arrive. Since it is *not* normal to take something for nothing, I'd go to the studio in the hope there would be something I could do to earn this money. A funny gimmick—I had a hard time getting on the studio lot. No one recognized me. No one thought I belonged. 'You didn't look,' I was later told, 'like a screen potential.' I don't now.

"Eventually, I was told that an unknown girl was wanted to play opposite Randolph Scott in the Technicolor film, 'Canadian Pacific,' and how would I like to be that girl? The location shots were to be made in Canada, Banff, Lake Louise, etc. I said I would like to be that girl.

"Upon my return, I was all set to go back to school—but never did go back because, while I was away, Billy Wilder had seen my tests and wanted me for the part of *Betty Schaefer* in 'Sunset Boulevard.'

"After 'Sunset Boulevard' I was cast—again with Bill Holden who is, I think, one of the truly great actors—in 'Union Station.' Then, my fourth and most recent picture, 'Mr. Music,' with Bing Crosby. It would be wonderful enough, let's face it, for a girl to play even a

bit part in a Crosby picture. But I, to make it wonderful-plus, have one of the strongest parts a girl ever played in a Crosby picture. It's seldom that anyone remembers who plays with Bing, or Bob Hope or Alan Ladd, but I believe I'll be remembered in 'Mr. Music' because I motivate the story. One of the problems in the story is the age conflict which is good because it makes it believable that a young girl should play the romantic lead opposite Bing—although Bing looks about twenty years old in this picture so that my falling in love with him didn't actually need to be made believable. I love Bing, I adore him—there's a real performer, real stuff, real guy. . . .

"When you've worked with Randolph Scott, Bill Holden, Gloria Swanson, Bing Crosby I guess it may be said that you are 'in the movies,' Nancy laughed, "which reminds me that people may think a normal girl, such a normal girl as I claim to be, would not *be* a movie actress. Not so. The movies are a kind of a career like any other and besides, everybody wants to be in the movies. Anything that everybody wants to do is common denominator, is normal.

"I was just finishing 'Mr. Music' when I fell in love. . . ."

Now, for the first time since she started talking, Nancy fell silent. After a moment she said, with something in her voice that had not been in it before, "It's still so fresh and romantic, so just mine and his that I—I sort of shrink from talking about it."

Then giving herself a little shake, as if to say, "Now, now, my girl, none of this nonsense," Nancy said, "Actually, it's a very simple story. A friend of mine invited me over for dinner one night—and he was there. I'm sure I need not say that 'he' is Alan Lerner who wrote 'Brigadoon,' 'Love Life,' the scripts of the MGM pictures, 'Royal Wedding' and 'American In Paris'—so many things I haven't the time, nor you the space, for all of them.

"He was there—across a table from me—and I was in love. How did I know it was love? I've no idea. How can you ever explain what love is? I might say that he has blond, wavy hair, blue eyes, is medium tall, very bright, very sweet, very nice—wonderful. That isn't the answer. There isn't any answer because if you have specific reasons for being in love it's my guess that you are not in love. In love, there's an extra ingredient, an unknown quantity. I don't know what it is. I don't *want* to know!

"After the dinner party, I went out with Alan three or four times. Then he left for New York where he stayed a week. He called me every night. Every hour of every day, it kept getting deeper and stronger. Before he came back to Hollywood we'd decided to get married. The only question was *when*? The answer to the question was when I finished 'Mr. Music' and when my parents, who were breaking up the old home in Milwaukee, preparatory to moving to Hollywood, would arrive. Being a normal girl I couldn't, of course, be mar-



ried anywhere but in my parents' home.

"We met in October. We got married in March. It was a home wedding, very small, only my family and his family and the local minister reading the marriage service. Small and intimate, as a wedding should be, and a beautiful Spring day, the house filled with Spring flowers, so I felt like a bride. The next day we left for Hawaii where we had four glorious weeks, surf-riding, dancing in the moonlight, loving it, and each other.

"Some time before we met, Alan had bought Paulette Goddard's house in up-state New York so, directly after the honeymoon, we went home as a normal couple should. The house, built during the Revolution, is very old Early American, white with black shutters, much of the original woodwork still left and also left, thank heaven, the Finnish couple who were with Paulette when she lived there. They loved the house so much they wanted to stay, so there is no need for me to cook which, since I know nothing about cooking, is just as well. But I plan the meals, do a certain amount of marketing, do all the flower arrangements. Inexperienced as I am in running a house, my mother is a wonderful manager and although when a child I was never interested, I was always around, was in that smooth routine and just continue in it.

"In addition to running the house, I play the piano. Practice that hour a day. Play tennis. Badminton. Swim in our pool. Take steam baths in our steam room. Wash my own hair. Am the *cleanest* thing you ever saw. Like my mother before me, I'm also re-decorating the house, which is a ball. I'm teaching my husband to drive a car (*he's doing just fine*), and I read a lot. Alan has a magnificent library with things in it I've been wanting to read all my life and am reading now. My husband likes me to be with him while he's working so, in the evenings, I read while he works, then he reads me what he's written.

"We hope to have children, of course we do—a boy first, then a girl, the normal American family!

"Since it is perfectly normal nowadays for a wife to have a career, I'm not stepping out of character when I say that I intend to go on with my career. Alan is as anxious as I am for me to have a satisfying career. He doesn't

## Still Being The Confirmed Bachelor Girl

Continued from page 40

thal and Meisen and Royal Doulton. Odd pieces. Complete sets. One complete set of Rosenthal she bought from a young student who wanted to pay his tuition at the University. Before they got her out of Germany Ann had nine barrels of china. Which she needed like a hole in the head.

Back in Hollywood Ann looked at her old house out in the Valley where she has lived since her divorce from George Brent. She has a small ranch where

want it to come before him (*knows very well that it couldn't*) but he's all for it. I'd like especially to do light comedy—sort of the old Irene Dunne school of thing.

"Where our careers are concerned, we'll try to correspond our time. When I'm in Hollywood, Alan will plan to have an idea so he can work there, too. If it is impossible for him to be with me in Hollywood, he'll fly out for weekends, sort of commute. We'd hate separation but it would be no threat to our marriage. We are so completely married, it doesn't worry us at all.

"In short, as a Missus I'm just as normal," said Nancy sighing the happiest sigh you ever heard, "as I was a Miss!" Alas, poor Nancy!

she raises chickens and pigeons and pampers an aging cow named Clara Lou. The house wasn't nearly big enough, or elegant enough, to house that beautiful china. She'd had it nine years, and it was getting shabby. Even the locks were worn out. In fact she had had a run-in with a burglar before she went to Europe. Hadn't scared her much, however, as Ann isn't a girl who scares easily. Unless it's a roller coaster. At nights she keeps near her a police special .38

that her brother-in-law in Texas gave her several years ago. "Ludie, you got a gun?" he said to her on one of her visits home. "I've always wanted to do something for you. Here's a real gun. If you sock 'em with this, you sock 'em good."

Well, anyway, Ann started house-hunting. It was depressing. Prices were sky high. And all the cagey agents had to do was get a look at that red hair, those clear hazel eyes, and that whistle-bait figure—and immediately the price doubled. "They were mouse traps," said Ann in disgust—"and they wanted \$200,000 for them."

She couldn't find what she wanted, so she finally decided it would be cheaper to rebuild what she had. And while she was getting a house worthy of all that valuable china, she could add a swimming pool and a playhouse worthy of herself. The builders told her it would only take four or five months at most, and cost only a few thousand bucks.

"Well," said Ann to her secretary-companion, Martha Giddings Bunch (*she and Ann met at Warner Brothers fourteen years ago when Ann was a starlet and Martha was in wardrobe*)—"I can stay at a hotel while all the hammering is going on."

"You are not the hotel type," said Martha. "You would be miserable in a hotel. I guess I could put you up for that short time."

"Oh, Gidds, if you don't mind," sighed Annie, greatly relieved. "I could help with the housework." Martha had her

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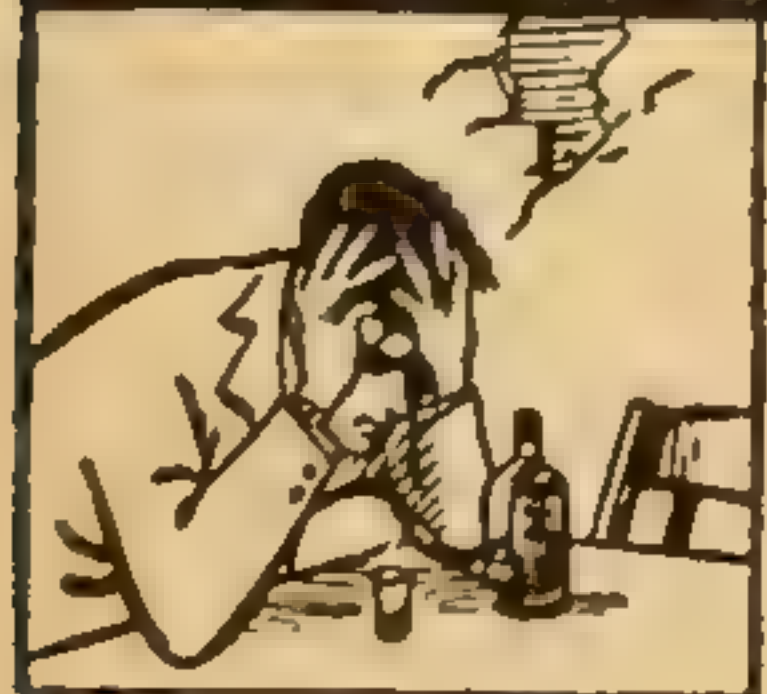
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own ideas about that, but kept dis-  
creetly quiet. Ann and housework are  
just about as chummy as Westbrook  
Pegler and Mrs. Roosevelt.

So, Ann and Josephine, the French  
poodle she bought in England, moved  
into Martha's spare room, and Josephine  
soon afterward became a mother. At  
first Ann wasn't going to move any of  
her things out of her own house. She  
was just sort of "camping out" she said.  
That was in May, 1949. It is now the  
Winter of 1950 and Ann is still a guest  
in Martha's house. Her things are  
stacked along the walls almost to the  
ceilings.

She loves living at Martha's. "I'll  
probably wind up selling my house and  
staying here," she says contentedly.

Martha has a small and most attrac-  
tive country cottage in a semi-rural sec-  
tion of the Valley. No fancy new  
gadgets. Everything old and used and  
comfortable. Her father and mother,  
Mr. and Mrs. Coil, live with her. Mrs.  
Coil does all the cooking, and Mr. Coil  
works in the garden and the small  
orchard. They have an old-fashioned  
backyard with a grape arbor.

"I don't feel like home at my home  
any more," says Ann. "These days when  
I say let's go home, I mean Gidd's  
home."

Since she has been a house guest Ann  
has completed two pictures. One of them,  
the recently released "Stella," is high  
old comedy at its best. Ann co-stars  
with Victor Mature, and they make a  
very handsome romantic team.

In her second picture, "Woman On  
The Run," made by an independent  
company called Fidelity Pictures, with  
a Universal-International release, Ann is  
co-starred with Dennis O'Keefe. It's  
described as a dramatic love story with  
an unusual twist.

While working on the Bunker Hill  
location (*Bunker Hill is a slum area in  
Los Angeles*) the picture crew noticed  
a gang of tough looking boys standing  
around the set at night. Because of a  
wave of "rat pack" attacks on innocent  
people in Los Angeles, the company  
became jittery.

"Shouldn't we call the cops and ask  
for police protection?" one of them

nervously asked Ann.

"Holy Toledo," laughed Ann. "Those  
guys are my pals." And then she ex-  
plained that the boys were members of  
the Mickey Finn Youth Club, an organ-  
ization run by Mickey Finn, a Los  
Angeles police officer, to combat juvenile  
delinquency. Ann has for some time  
been the main support of the group. She  
frequently visits the boys at their club  
which is located in the toughest section  
of eastside Los Angeles. And they are  
often her guests at picnics and barbecues.

"They're here every night to see that  
nothing happens to me," said Ann. "Any  
time I work in a tough neighborhood  
Mickey Finn's boys are always around  
to chaperon me. Want to take a punch  
at me?" The prop man said no thanks,  
he didn't.

Another location for "Woman On The  
Run" was the Ocean Park pier, Los  
Angeles' most famed amusement park.  
For seven nights the company worked  
in this odd setting from six p.m. until  
daylight. Most of the action at the pier  
was filmed on the roller coaster, where  
the exciting climax of the film occurs—  
where Ann realizes for the first time  
the identity of the murderer.

Very few things upset happy, amiable,  
casual Ann. But a roller coaster, just to  
look at one, scares the daylights out of  
her. When she was a small child her  
father took her to an amusement park  
in Dallas, and they rode on the roller  
coaster. The ride not only terrified the  
child but, in addition, she hit her lip  
on the guard rail, splitting it badly and  
chipping a front tooth. That was Sheri-  
dan's last ride—on a roller coaster. Until  
she made this picture.

Like Marie Antoinette approaching  
the guillotine Ann clambered into the  
roller car. What she hadn't counted on,  
however, was the fact that it was neces-  
sary for her to take the ride again and  
again, to get the various shots needed  
for the long sequence. After eight trips  
around the mile-and-a-quarter track Ann  
turned a lovely shade of chartreuse. That  
roller coaster did for her cast-iron stom-  
ach something that years of Southern  
cooking and Mexican chili have never  
been able to do. If you want to live  
to a ripe old age just don't ever men-  
tion "roller coaster" to Miss Sheridan.

## Here's How It Happened

Continued from page 44

her life because another actress had been  
earmarked for the part, but studio head  
Jack Warner had asked Mr. Keighley to  
consider Pat since she was under con-  
tract to the studio and was due for a  
buildup. Mr. K. obligingly looked at the  
only picture Pat had made, "Tea For  
Two," tested her and liked what he saw.  
That's when the light of her destiny  
turned green.

But Pat was still unsuspecting when  
the company of "Rocky Mountain" ar-  
rived in Gallup, New Mexico, the rough-  
and-ready Western town which has be-  
come practically a suburb of Hollywood,

because it's used so often for location.  
Mr. Flynn was, at the time, still being  
very attentive to his then fiancée, the  
Princess Ghika, and she had come along  
on the jaunt. Pat was more concerned  
with her aching muscles, which ached  
because she was taking a severe pound-  
ing astride a horse, another of her un-  
favorite means of transportation. She'd  
been thrown when she was a kid and  
had kept herself purposely remote from  
nags ever since.

No one, least of all Errol and Pat,  
seems to know just when or how the sit-  
uation began to change. But change it



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did, subtly and gradually. After work some of the crew and cast would get together for laughs. They'd make the rounds of Gallup's night spots, where they were left pretty much alone by the natives, who are as accustomed to Hollywood faces as they are to local ones. They grew chummy with a family who ran a restaurant and, between meals, worked as extras in the picture. The family offered the gang the use of their house and the backyard barbecue and this became headquarters. The nights were cool and lovely, starry and still, as only desert nights can be. A very romantic setting it was. The gang sat around the barbecue and sang—or just sat.

There was considerable speculation about the rather sudden and unexplained departure of the Princess and the fact that Pat and Errol usually sat off a way from the others. They would talk for hours, in a relaxed sort of way. The change in Errol was noticeable. He began to look less lonesome and more happy. The pair became inseparable, oblivious to everything but their own company.

Still nothing was said or thought about a future for them. The company returned to Hollywood and the group who had been so close on location scattered and resumed their regular routines. All except Errol and Pat, who were in that state of trance which is symptomatic with people who are in love, but don't know it.

They were leading medium-hectic lives, with Pat working on added scenes at the studio and Errol making arrangements to go to Paris for his next picture, "The Bargain." So they spent most of their evenings quietly together. Pat did lure Errol into taking her to the preview of "Tea For Two," which should have been the tipoff because the handsome Mr. F. seldom goes to movies. Errol took Pat to Mocambo one night and to Betty Hutton's fabulous party, which was her introduction to the movie colony. These three events, which comprised their entire social life, were hardly enough to bedazzle a young newcomer to Hollywood so it can safely be assumed that what *did* bedazzle Pat was Errol's personal charm. Up to this point their romance had progressed with the calm serenity of a millpond.

The calm was shattered abruptly with the announcement of their engagement and Pat learned the meaning of sheer bedlam. Telephones jangled, doorbells buzzed, flash-bulbs exploded, questions popped, and people milled around them in droves. Suddenly Pat, who was just beginning to be known in New York's theatrical orbit, was a celebrity and it was a little frightening.

So was the prospect of meeting Errol's three children. The future Mrs. Flynn had never been around children, didn't know whether she liked them very much, and wondered whether these particular ones would like her. But, unlike her first meeting with their father, it was love at first sight and the second hurdle was cleared with room to spare.

In all the confusion and hubbub, which stretched the couple's nerves to the snap-

ping point, Pat kept reminding Errol that when they left Hollywood for Kansas and a visit to her family they'd have a nice, quiet time in Salina. Nobody would bother them, she assured him.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. They had agreed to quietly escape from movietown and fly to Wichita, where her family would pick them up and spirit them off to Salina. But such big news wouldn't hold and Wichita was tipped off way ahead of their arrival. There was a large and enthusiastically curious mob waiting when they stepped off the plane.

"Never mind, honey," said Pat, patting Errol, "we'll soon be home. THEN we can relax." But, again, she reckoned without the famous mid-Western hospitality. The visitors shuddered slightly when Pat's folks gave them the news that they were going to six cocktail parties in Wichita before they took off for the quiet of Salina.

Then, incredibly and at last, the Wymores and their prospective son-in-law were in the car, on their way home. Pat made another nice try at telling Mr. F. about how peaceful it was going to be. This dream ended in disenchantment when Mrs. Wymore said she was entertaining numerous local citizens at an ice-cream festival. This is an old Kansas custom and great fun. Everybody sits in the backyard and gallons of home-made ice cream are consumed. It's especially fun when you've been resting up all week and haven't been on a madly accelerated merry-go-round.

Pat and Errol smothered a groan each, hoped their hunger didn't show, and wished the family were having a beef-steak festival. Nevertheless, they put on their best clothes and most joyous actor faces. And they did have a good time. Nobody gushed over Errol and Mrs. Wymore suddenly realized the visitors were slowly starving to death. Pat recalls the steaks her mother cooked as the utter end to all steaks.

By the same token, no beds ever looked more invitingly comfortable than the ones they fell into at Pat's grandmother's that night.

Breakfast was slightly delayed because they'd failed to make a reservation at the Wymore place, which was jammed to the doorsills with reporters who were eating on the house and coming back for seconds of Mrs. W.'s home cooking.

Once the reporters were satisfied gastronomically and news-wise, the house settled down a trifle. Errol got acquainted with her kid brother, eighteen-year-old Jimmy. After thoroughly probing Errol's knowledge of hunting and fishing, kid brother decided Errol could stay. They made elaborate plans for the Fall pheasant-shooting season.

And Pat and Errol had begun to believe there was such a thing as peace and quiet in Salina. Nobody was bothering them. They were relaxed and feeling very cozy.

Then the door burst open and Pat's father rushed in, dripping with oil and shouting that he'd just brought in a gusher. Everybody loaded into cars and tore out to see the new oil well, keeping



a safe distance since the more enthusiastic spectators and the crew were in the same shape as Mr. Wymore—hardly recognizable by dint of being liberally soaked in that dirty brown stuff that turns into clean green money.

Well, anyway, the trip got them out in the fresh air for a bit. And so did the trip to Brookville, a town eighteen miles from Salina. This is a favorite hangout for tourists and Kansans in that vicinity, because of the atmosphere, and delicious food in Helen Martin's dining room. This was a family affair and Errol was accepted with as little show of awe as had been displayed the night before at the ice cream festival.

When the last chicken wing had disappeared, there was a mad race back to Salina to board a chartered plane for Kansas City where they were to catch a TWA for New York. Errol and even Pat, with her allergy to flying, were looking forward to getting on the big Connie and to the soporific effects of the plane motors. Nothing more could happen now.

So it did. When Errol started to hand in their tickets there weren't any. He looked high and low. Then he looked again. In pockets. In suitcases. In his hat. But the tickets plain old weren't there. Maybe they were on the piano at home. Maybe somebody picked Errol's pocket. And how were they going to get on the plane without them? It wasn't a simple matter of two tickets to New York. They had lost Errol's passage to Europe and Pat's return to Hollywood as well. While he was trying to con the airline into letting them on without the precious pasteboards, Pat put in a quick call to Salina and it turned out Mrs. Wymore had found them at the airport, where Errol had dropped them.

So ended the grandfather of all twenty-four-hour rest cures and began another phrenetic chapter in the romance. New York, never known for its serenity, wasn't. In a storm of press and photographers, Errol practically got off one plane and onto another for Europe. Pat was surrounded by the unaccustomed attention of the studio and came in for some rather awed respect from chums in the theatrical apartment house where she'd lived before Hollywood and a man named Flynn changed her life completely.

They planned to be married in France, Paris or Cannes, depending on where Errol's picture was shooting at the time so Pat decided she should bone up on the native lingo. She bought all the recordings and books which purported to show the tyro a way to conversational French in several hundred quick, easy lessons.

Pat shopped between rehearsals for a three-week personal appearance at New York's Strand Theatre in connection with the showing of "Tea For Two." This wasn't any Elks' picnic either. She wasn't exactly in shape for the dance routines, having taken a terpsichorean holiday after "Tea" was made. She had dusted off a nightclub act she used to do between appearances on Broadway and was working diligently, getting up on her lines. She was also massaging stiff muscles.

Pat barely had time to work in a bit of speculating about her exciting future which included a Parisian honeymoon, a



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cruise to the Mediterranean aboard Errol's yacht, Zaca, which she pictured as being about a block long. They had made tentative plans to leave the boat at Morocco and fly back to the States. Maybe they would have another wedding ceremony in Salina with her family and friends attending. Among the friends would be 16 girls who, with Pat, used to have a high school club. All the girls beat Pat to the altar, the last one only by a few months.

The next stop probably would be Jam-

aica, Errol's favorite spot, where they plan to spend most of their time when Hollywood doesn't have priority. Pat's under contract to Warners, too.

At any rate, the gal of Scotch-Irish and Swedish descent with the solid middle-Western background, who frankly wears glasses because she's near-sighted and admits she'd be a menace to traffic without them, who captured the worldly Mr. Flynn's heart, seems to be in for a hectic life. She also seems entirely capable of taking it all in stride.

## Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

formed on the dictator himself. All this subterfuge is necessary since the head of the Secret Police, Jack Hawkins, is afraid the regime will crumble once it's learned that their leader is so close to death. By accident, Fairbanks sees his patient, but his indignation turns into terror when the patient dies. Knowing a double has stepped into the deceased dictator's shoes, Fairbanks, as the possessor of such information must die. What follows is a man-hunt in the best cloak-and-dagger style with romantic interest supplied by Glynis Johns.

### Walk Softly, Stranger

RKO

THERE'S something odd about the stranger, Joseph Cotten, who arrives in a small Midwestern town. Secretive and aloof, he gets a job as a shipping clerk in a shoe factory and rents a room from widow Spring Byington. Yet, after he meets Valli, the crippled daughter of his boss, Cotten's actions become disturbing. Re-checking minute plans he had drawn up years ago, he scoots to a nearby large city, and aided by Paul Stewart, heists \$100,000 from a gambler. Then back he comes to hide in the respectable life he had built up. Smart? No sireee, the gambler catches up with him and Cotten goes through the wash, losing quite a bit of his color in the process. Valli now knows all about his shady past, too, but she still loves him, so all is not lost.

### Woman On The Run

Universal-International

STACATTO shots ring out in the night. A body crumbles to the pavement. And a man walking a dog becomes the object of an intensive search by both the police and the murderer. Innocent bystander Ross Elliot, witnessed the slaying and, afraid that he might be next on the killer's list, vanishes. Inspector Robert Keith tries tracking him down through Ann Sheridan, Elliot's wife, and Ann has to find him to prove something to herself. Reporter Dennis O'Keefe is also interested in the whereabouts of the nobody who suddenly has become important to a number of people. Suspense at a high

pitch with unusual twists to the plot and an ending that takes you for a blood-curdling roller-coaster ride.

### Harriet Craig

Columbia

BASED on the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Craig's Wife," this is another treatment of a worm's eye view of a "happy marriage." Joan Crawford, as Wendell Corey's so veddy perfect spouse, is obsessed with acquiring security. Her entire life is based on holding her home and her husband intact—not because of love, but for possession. Wicked and given to deceit, she fools no one but her husband. He too eventually discovers the kind of woman Joan really is. In a mass slamming of the front door, he walks out, the housekeeper walks out, Cousin K. T. Stevens walks out, and Joan, head still proudly held high, slowly walks up the sweeping staircase. Curtain.

### Between Midnight And Dawn

Columbia

BECAUSE Gale Storm is determined not to fall in love with a policeman and suffer as her mother did when her father was killed in the line of duty, Gale tries to resist the combined advances of Patrolmen Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien. Besides pressing suit on Gale, the two officers—Patrol Car Division—are engaged in getting the goods on gangster Donald Buka. They succeed when Buka murders a rival gunman. At the trial, he threatens he'll get both of them but no one pays too much attention to his rantings. After Buka is behind bars, the Stevens-Gale romance flourishes. Then, the night before their marriage, all prowling cars are alerted! Buka has escaped. . . . Good cops vs. crooks yarn with Buka making the toughest nasty man look like a panty-waist.

### The Fuller Brush Girl

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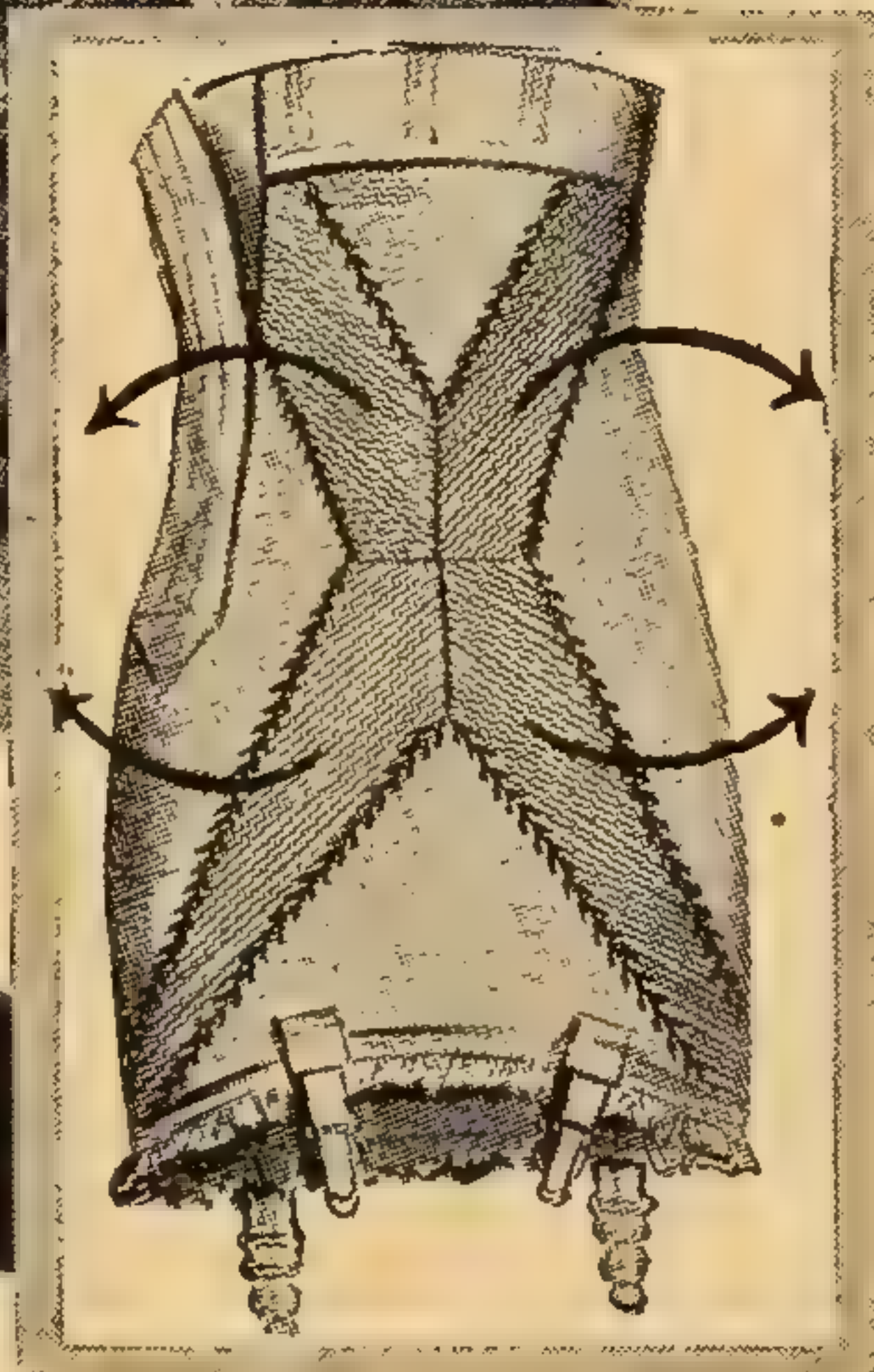
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cozy love nest. To fatten up the bank-roll, Lucille starts selling Fuller brushes and cosmetics, and almost throws the company out of business when she gives four home-permanents, leaving behind four scalped women. Lucille's life span gets even shorter when she and Eddie become involved in two murders. Completely zany and screwball, the object isn't to keep track of a story—merely keeping up with Lucille and Eddie gives you your money's worth.

### The Scarf

United Artists

**T**HRILLING murder-mystery which stars Mercedes McCambridge and John Ireland. Accused of strangling his sweetheart, Ireland is sent to the State Mental Hospital. While there something occurs which makes him believe that there's a slim possibility he's innocent. He escapes, and assisted by James Barton, who befriends him, Ireland starts finding out more about some facts that were casually pushed to one side at the murder trial. One being: why best friend Emlyn Williams, who was also on the scene, didn't try to stop him? Mercedes, as a tarnished woman, lends Ireland a helping hand and comes close to having her husky voice silenced forever.

### The Fireball

20th Century-Fox

**P**INT-SIZED Mickey Rooney runs away from the orphanage where Padre Pat O'Brien is the only one concerned over Mickey's inferiority complex. Still keeping tabs on the boy, O'Brien is delighted when Mickey begins to take a keen interest in roller skating and becomes a champion on the professional roller racing rinks. It's good clean sport with broken backs, arms, legs and heads tossed in for mere gory interest. Mickey breaks some opponents' limbs all by his little self, and begins to feel power. His ego makes a revolting surge upward. Then, *CRASH*, everything crumbles and Mickey's chums, including Beverly Tyler, help him pick up the pieces and put together a new man.

### Shakedown

Universal-International

**A**S A photographer out to land a newspaper job, Howard Duff strikes you as having a commendable amount of perseverance. But this quality soon becomes a boomerang—slashes all obstacles standing in the way of Duff's ambition then comes back to deal him a wicked blow. Lots of action here.

### It's Smart To Be Dumb

Continued from page 47

ness, sick and tired of it.

As I entered Judy's apartment, a seven-room floor-through in an old brownstone on New York's storied Waverly Place the afternoon I did this interview, Judy was being photographed, a home sitting, for a teenagers' magazine. The camera stopped clicking and the camerawoman said, "That's all, thank you, Miss Holliday."

Taking advantage of Judy's goodbyes to the lady photographer to survey the premises the young Oppenheims call home, I admired the deep green walls, deep green ceiling, too, of the finely proportioned living-room, the draperies of Persian design, a blend of old gold, apricot, green and brown in color, that draw across the bank of windows giving on Waverly Place, the Victorian sofa, with its antique velvet upholstery that picks up the apricot in the draperies, the very old cobbler's chest, now in use as a bar, the coffee table, end tables and lamps.

"We painted the living-room ourselves, David and I," Judy began. "We used artists' colors and an artist friend stood by to advise us as we concocted the deep green, with lots of yellow and black in it which makes the right-feeling background, we feel, for the many different woods in the old furniture, most of which we re-finished ourselves. We would have loved to get exquisite, authentic Hepplewhite or Chippendale for our home," Judy said, "but as it was beyond our means, we decided to pick up old

things gradually, things that look—this was a 'Must'—as though they had been lovingly made and—another 'Must'—as though they needed us.

"But apart from old furniture, old country houses, records, we're Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty. It's luck," Judy said, happily, "that David and I are 'alikes' in our likes, in the things we want, the things that matter to us. It was luck," Judy said, this time so happily she was purring, "meeting my husband in the first place. We met, the first time, eight years ago. A mutual friend, Leonard Bernstein, introduced us. At first sight, to coin a phrase, we got mutual crushes on each other but as I was then at the age when a boy friend was something real new, I didn't know how to take advantage of the situation nor did David. I never saw him again for three years and then I met him, fleetingly, one night in a nightclub. But still very shy, nothing came of it, not even a date, although it was still there between us, the mutual attraction, the pull. Then the War and David in the Army and that was another three years! But when he got out of the Service, I was three years older, not so shy, not letting him get away this time! When Lennie brought him over to my house we didn't, in fact, let any time go by—we just got married, in my mother's house, a nice quiet wedding with a few good, real friends and that was two years, two months and," Judy counted on her fingers, "seventeen days ago!" she said.



"Lucky," Judy said, "is the one completely descriptive word for me. Beginning with my birth, it was luck for me that I drew the mother I did. Happily for my originality as a writer, I can't use the cliché, 'My best friend and severest critic—my mother' because when it comes to criticism of me, Mama gets lost. But my best friend she is, and has always been. When I got out of high school, torn between wanting to be a writer and/or an actress, Mama said, 'Sniff around before you go to college and find out what it is you really want to do.' She is that kind of mother. I sniffed—and went to work for a certain actor as a switchboard operator, without pay. I wanted acting. A swat at it, anyway. I didn't get it. All I got was a sore throat. I didn't care. I always told myself that it wouldn't matter, I wouldn't be hurt if I never got a job in the theatre, I was going to be a writer, anyway. I still want to be a writer," said Miss Holliday omitting to mention, so I'll do it for her, that she has already written several songs, one of which, "No Time," was published and recorded by Woody Herman, has done a great many skits and sketches, was at work on a play when "Born Yesterday" befell her and is now at work on a novel.

"But I can't take much credit for shaping my career," Judy was saying, "since here, too, I've just had fabulous luck. When the sore throat contracted at the certain actor's switchboard didn't heal, Mama sent me to the country for

the good of my health. In the country I met up with a talented bunch of stage-struck kids who called themselves The Revuers and were hard at work writing songs and skits, working out dance routines with the hope of nightclub engagements and, later, Broadway in mind. Adolph Green, who has since written 'On The Town,' was one of the kids, Betty Comden, who has since made a real mark in the theatre, was another and pretty soon I, Judy Tuvim (*I used my real name then*), went to work as one of The Revuers, too. Our first engagement was at the Village Vanguard, then a Seventh Avenue bistro without a liquor license. We wrote our own songs and satire, whipped up an entirely new revue each week, in fact. We'd get together around noon every day, start to mull over our show for the following week. Someone would throw in an idea, everyone else would shout it down until, come deadline time, we'd throw the whole mishmash together in one last mad rehearsal.

"Luck being with us, however, as, save for one cruel interlude, it has always been with me, we managed to make a sufficient impression on visiting entrepreneurs from 'up-town' to be whisked off and up to the Rainbow Room, the Blue Angel, from the Blue Angel to the World's Fair and then—to Hollywood!

"In Hollywood, my luck ran out on me," Judy groaned, "all the way out for the first and, up to now, last time. It ran out, indeed, for The Revuers, one and all, for after playing a spirited col-

lective role in Twentieth Century-Fox's Technicolor musical, 'Greenwich Village,' which starred Carmen Miranda and Don Ameche, The Revuers found themselves, not in the neons or in the news but spattered all over the cutting room floor! Not a foot of us remained. Somewhat out of sorts, we disbanded and dispersed. I, alone, remained in Hollywood to serve out the sentence of my one-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. During that year, save for two small bit parts, one in 'Winged Victory,' the other in 'Something For The Boys,' I spent most of my time on the beach. After a week, I didn't care whether I ever saw a sunbeam again. I wanted OUT. At the end of the year I collected all that filthy salary and came back to New York, a broken woman and, or so I believed then, a Hollywood-hater as ever was.

"In New York, I cheerfully went to bed with the grippe. Cheerfully because it was mid-December when any normal person should be in bed with the grippe instead of in swimming with the sunbeams that belong to mid-June.

"Then my luck ran with me again. I think it's so dreary," Judy broke off to say, "to read these blow-by-blow accounts of How I Rose In The World or My Success—And How It Grew, and so on, and on. So I am not going on, and on. I'm simply going to say that I rose from my bed of grippe to play the role of a Scarlet Lady (*that's how the type-caster had me on file*) in 'Kiss Them For Me' on Broadway, for which I won the Clarence Derwent Award for the best

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nonfeatured performance of the season.

"Come another season and Broadway scuttlebutt has it that, due to illness, Jean Arthur is out of the cast of the new play the much-touted-in-advance play, 'Born Yesterday,' scheduled to open four or five days hence in Philadelphia. For the part opposite Paul Douglas, that of a witless courtesan, i e., dumb blonde, every actress over the age of six on Broadway was being paged, said scuttlebutt, by the play's justifiably frantic author and director, Garson Kanin. Someone thought of me, too. I think it was Mainbocher, the dressmaker, de luxe. *I got there first*, that's all there was to it. Just plain luck that someone thought of me and that I got there before anyone else got there and that I happened to be able to do it. I kept on doing it," said Judy, "for four-going-on-five years.

"Then, luck again, although I didn't recognize it as such at the time, the part of the dumb blonde in the MGM picture, 'Adam's Rib' was offered me. So little, indeed, did I think of the offer as luck that I refused to do it for the longest time. 'I won't go back there,' I said, and kept saying, 'I won't, I won't!'

"But the fabulous movie money,' friends said, 'doesn't that appeal to you?'

"Remembering that one fruitless year of idleness, of beachcombing, of the face on the cutting room floor, I'd say, with a shudder, 'Not that much.'

"But MGM is a big, strong lion and I," Judy laughed, "am but a poor, weak woman so I went to Hollywood to play the dumb blonde in 'Adam's Rib,' which starred Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy and it couldn't have happened to a more astonished girl! It was fun. It was great. Working with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy would melt the ice in the veins of the most anti-Hollywood actor even born to the mantle of

*Hamlet*. I never met anyone, in New York or in Hollywood, who has so much *selflessness* as Katharine Hepburn. And Spencer was so easy, so genial, he relaxed me. I *really* had a good time.

"Such a good time that by the time these words are in print, I'll be back in Hollywood playing opposite Broderick Crawford (*who has, in the picture, the role Paul Douglas played on the stage*) in 'Born Yesterday.' And very happy about the whole thing. Very gratified, truth to tell, that I got the part. It's a repercussion of," Judy grinned, "my percussive luck.

"Moreover, I've signed a contract with Columbia Pictures. The whole point of signing the contract was, however, that I was able to get a one-picture-a-year deal. I'm now a convert-to, not a hater-of Hollywood but I wouldn't be away from my husband and my home for more than the two months, sometimes less, it takes to make a picture. (*We finished 'Adam's Rib' in thirty-nine days.*) My family, all my best friends and all my interests are in New York. In fact, I'm that rare bird, a born New Yorker—luck again—and to leave New York is, to me, like losing a leg.

"Besides, I am, primarily, a stage actress. I'm also one of those actresses who needs an audience. Being a comedienne I need the laughs, need to hear the laughs while I'm working which, when you're making a movie you can't hear since no one can laugh, though you're splitting their sides, while the cameras are grinding.

"Only one life to live, enjoy it, say I," said Judy. "Enjoy your work, your play, your home, enjoy *yourself*—no dumb blonde would be dumb enough to think otherwise, now would she?" asked the blonde who isn't, oh, *indeed*, she isn't, dumb!

## For A Lovely Christmas

Continued from page 51

and stays on flatteringly, minus retouching. The new case has a Dreamflower design done in gold on the outside cover, inside there's a full view mirror, three-quarters ounce of Angel Face, plus a satin backed velour puff.

**W**E'VE included two nail kits in our list of discoveries because they fill such basic needs. The Dura-Gloss kit comes in Christmasy red, green, or navy blue, and holds two popular shades of nail polish, Dura-Coat, emery board, orange stick and cotton picker. Cutex' notably compact little leatherette traveling case has all the essentials a man would want—fine encouragement too for teenage grooming.

**B**ECAUSE perfume is such an unfailing source of feminine delight it's more than nice to find that romantic Djer-Kiss perfume in a lovely chandelier bottle to dress up a dressing table long after the snowman package is gone.

**A**S another short-cut to a man's heart, nothing could be more surefire than the after shave lotion and hair tonic that he's known and liked for years—Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal and Eau de Quinine. These come in special gift boxes; packed singly or in a pair. The bottles have a convenient non-slip contour that's as modern as the handsome wood knobs that top them. However, if your man clings with affection to the design of the famous long-necked original bottle, all is not lost, Pinaud still has them for him.

**A**S to the perpetually desirable new lipstick (*stocking stuffer second to none*) the Flame-Glo two-lipstick technique doubles your opportunity for giving pleasure. In case you haven't heard about this—the idea is to apply one shade of lipstick to the rim of the lips and fill in with a different tone. The Flame-Glo people have lipsticks in all shades, in the regular size golden metal case or in a sturdier, taller edition, called



Because Christmas is your own gayest season this latest ally to real loveliness by Ebb makes its debut at a most opportune moment.

Longfella, that gives almost twice as many applications.

**S**WITCHING from Christmas gifts to Ebb may seem like a long jump, for Ebb is a completely new anti-perspirant and deodorant. We don't really expect you to go out and buy it for anyone but yourself, though you may actually want to when you know more about it. You see, Ebb has some new scientific ingredient in its formula that makes just three drops of this smooth white liquid all anyone needs to use for complete twenty-four-hour under-arm protection. Miraculously enough, Ebb has no lasting fragrance of its own to interfere with your favorite perfume.

## What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 17

in the clam-eating contest thrown at the Captain's Table, one of the seafood eatingest restaurants in town. Betty's unfavorite food is clams. So Roddy McDowall sent her a birthday present—two dozen clams.

\* \* \*

Gene Kelly's danced with some of the most delectable dishes in show biz—Rita Hayworth, Judy Garland, Vera-Ellen, and French ballerina Leslie Caron. His new dancing partner in "An American In Paris" is named Mary Young—and she is 63 years young.

\* \* \*

Vic Mature never lets life cool off, but he'll have to be quiet for a while. On location in Montana for "Wild Winds," a picture about forest fires, met his match in a motorcycle he was riding. He—and it—went over an embankment, strained copious ligaments, and is out of the picture, or any other picture for some time. Bet the motorcycle got banged up, too.



# RECORD ROUNDUP

## Tops In Movie Music

**B**ILLY ECKSTINE'S "Be My Love," from "Toast Of New Orleans," and "Only A Moment Ago" for MGM . . . "Nevertheless," from "Three Little Words," and "Harbor Lights" by Ray Anthony for Capitol . . . Judy Garland and Gene Kelly "Summer Stock" album for MGM . . . Andre Previn's "Three Little Words" album for Victor . . . Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters singing "Life Is So Peculiar" and "High On The List," from "Mr. Music" for Decca . . . "I'll Never Love You," from "Toast Of New Orleans," and "Somewhere, Somehow, Someday" by Trudy Richards for MGM . . . Diana Lynn's piano album for Capitol . . . Gordon MacRae-Jo Stafford doing "Tea For Two," from film of same name, and "I'm In The Middle Of A Riddle" for Capitol . . . Roy Rogers-Dale Evans' "Hymns Of Faith" album for Victor . . . Mario Lanza's "Toast Of New Orleans" albums for Victor . . . Betty Hutton's "Can't Stop Talking," from "Let's Dance," and "Orange Colored Sky" for Victor . . . Ziggy Elman's "Pagan Love Song" and "My Blue Heaven," from films of same name, for MGM . . .

## Other Toppers

**D**ORIS DAY'S "Orange Colored Sky" and "A Load Of Hay" for Columbia . . . Frankie Carle's "Let's Do It Again" and "Don't Make Me Sorry" for Victor . . . Joan Shaw's "I Had A Talk With The Wind And The Rain" and "I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling" for MGM . . . Guy Lombardo's "The Petite Waltz" and "Harbor Lights" for Decca . . . Don Cornell's "Au Revoir Again" and "A Whistle And A Prayer" for Victor . . . Hugo Winterhalter's "It Had To Be You" and "You've Got Me Crying Again" for Victor . . . Tommy Dorsey's "Opus Two" and "T. D.'s Boogie Woogie" for Decca . . . Paul Weston's "Beloved, Be Faithful" and "Nevertheless" for Columbia . . . Sammy Kaye's "Sugar Sweet" and "Harbor Lights" for Columbia . . . Frank Petty's "I Tore Up Your Picture" and "Save Your Sorrow" for MGM . . .

## Grabag

**L**ANI McINTYRE'S "Hawaiian Nights" album for MGM . . . Yma Sumac's "Voice Of The Xtabay" album for Capitol . . . Margaret Whiting-Jimmy Wakely's "Bushel And A Peck" and "Beyond The Reef" for Capitol . . . Kay Armen-Anton Karas offering "I'm In The Middle Of A Riddle" and "Where Do I Go From You" for London . . . Bing Crosby's "Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" for Decca . . .

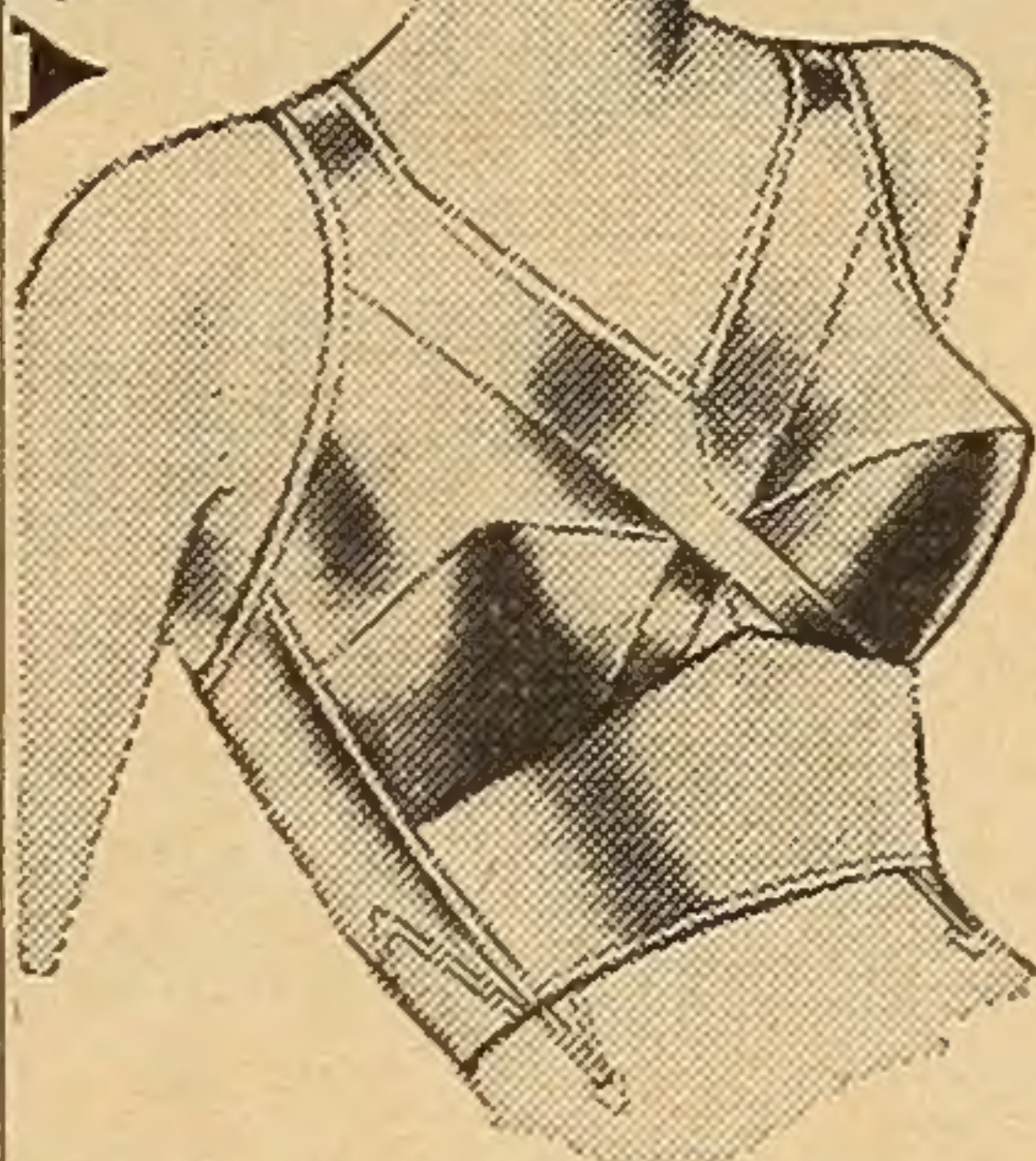
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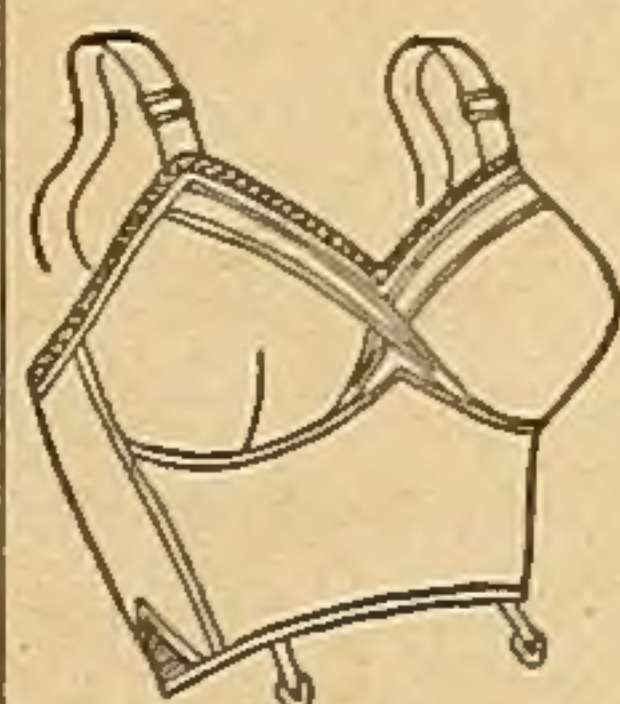
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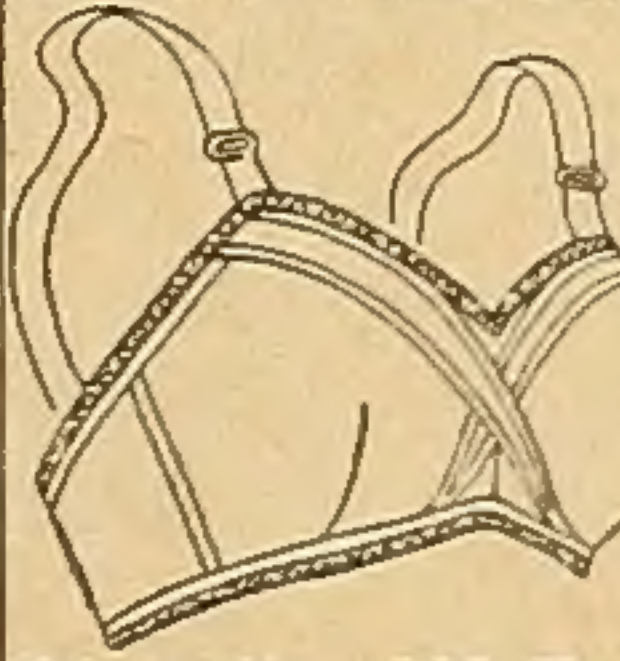
SIZES 34 to 52

Colors: Nude White Black

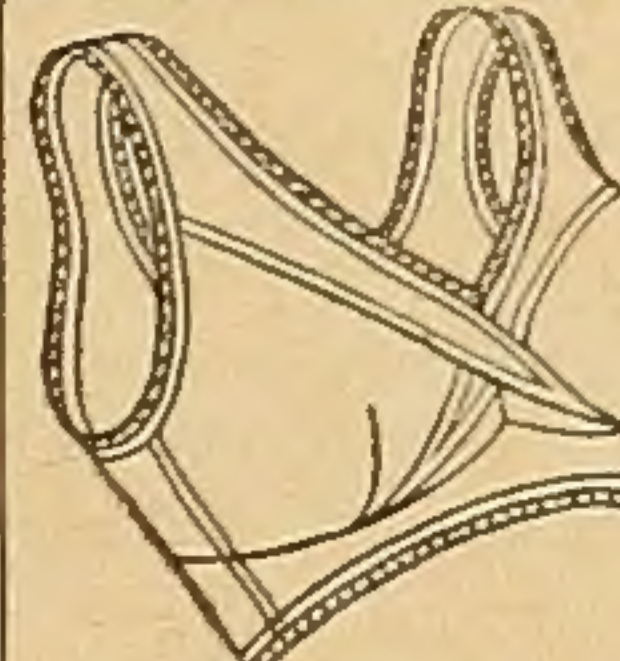
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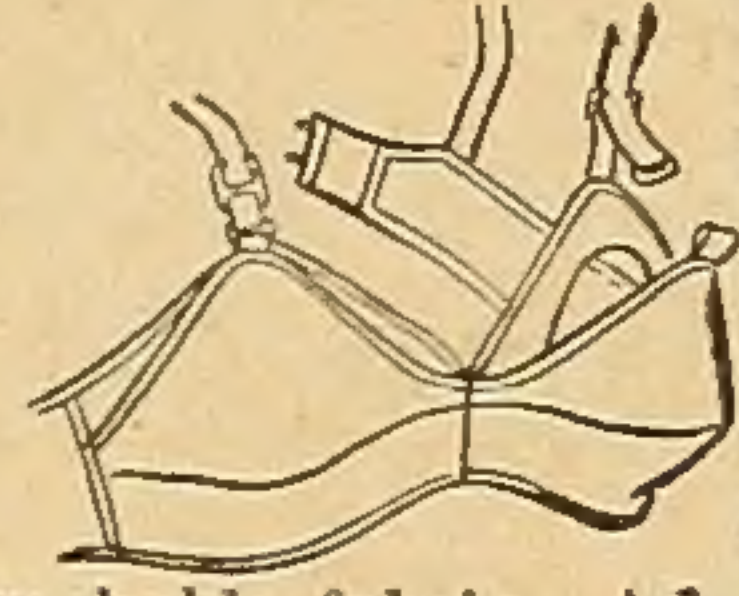
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State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Fred Henry, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the SCREENLAND, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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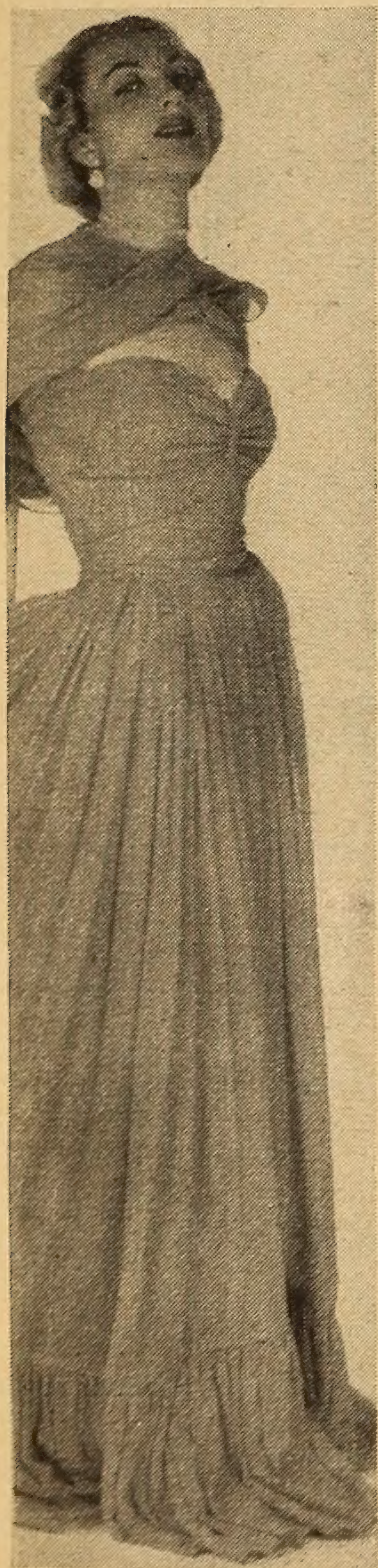
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.) J. FRED HENRY.

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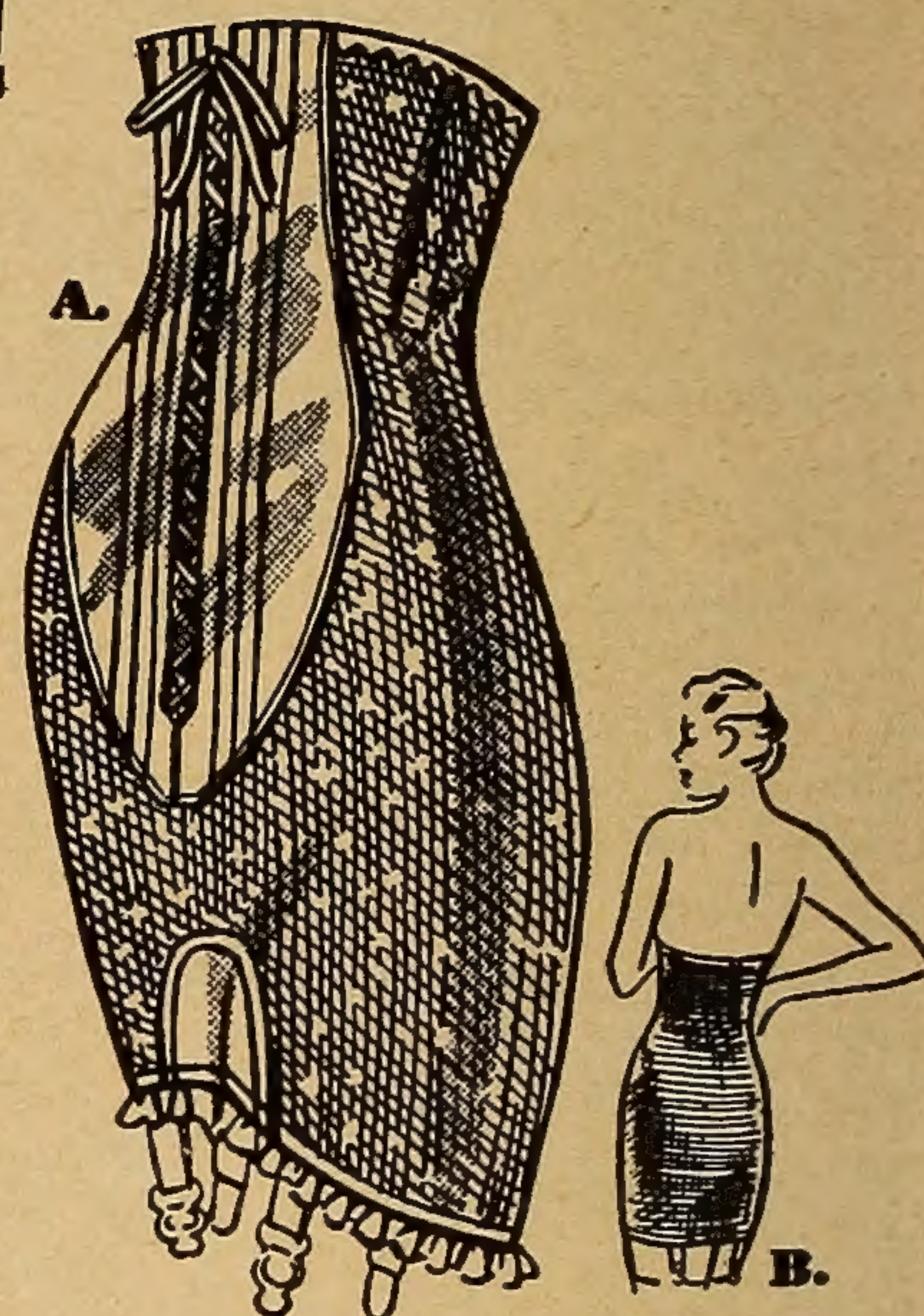
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### **HOUSEWIFE HAS OWN STUDIO**

Mrs. T. Telchman, Northfield, N. J. writes: "All the work I can produce is taken by a store on the Atlantic City boardwalk. I can make up to \$50 per week in spare time." (12/49)



### **MADE OVER \$150 WHILE LEARNING**

Mr. L. Hammack, Meadville, Miss., writes: "I have made over \$150 painting signs and small pieces of artwork since starting the course—all in spare time." (12/49)

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